

The Listener

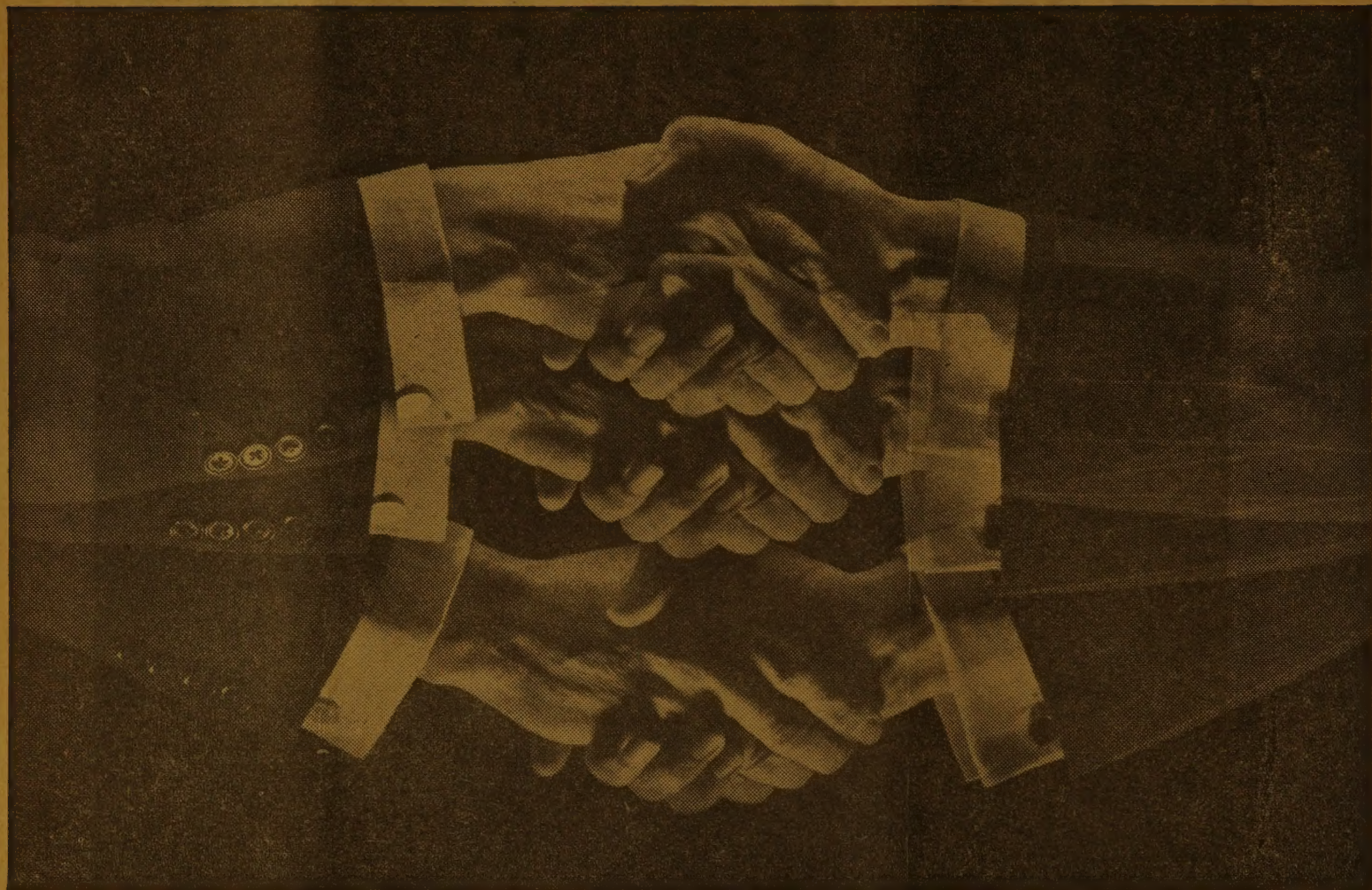
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'Shepherd holding a pipe', by Savoldo: from an exhibition of forty Old Masters, lent from Gosford House by the Earl of Wemyss and March, on view at the National Gallery of Scotland

In this number:

The African Renaissance (T. L. Hodgkin)
The Stimulating Lands of South America (A. P. Ryan)
Germans at School (George C. Allen)



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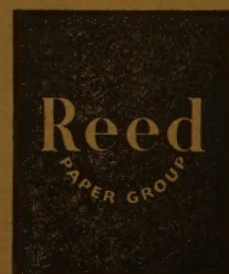
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The African Renaissance

By T. L. HODGKIN

EVEN well-disposed Europeans sometimes have residual doubts about Africans. 'Yes', they say, 'we agree that Africans are not eternal children. We know there is no reason to suppose that pigmentation has anything to do with intelligence. We recognise that, given adequate opportunities, Africans are likely to produce as many capable doctors, engineers, historians, physicists, as any other branch of humanity—indeed, they have already begun to produce them. Yet the fact remains (this argument continues) that Africans have not so far bred a Shakespeare, a Dante, or an Aristotle. They have never built a Parthenon or a Chartres. Surely, therefore, there is some justification for regarding Africans as in a sense "on probation"—until they have shown that they can match our standards of achievement?'

This still fairly widespread assumption of the superiority of European culture, the demand that Africans should prove themselves according to criteria which we determine, is part of the background to the First International Congress of Negro Writers and Artists, held in Paris last September, under the auspices of that enterprising French-African institution, *Présence Africaine*. One purpose of this conference, whose proceedings have recently been published, was to challenge that assumption: to ask the questions: 'What are the essential qualities of the Negro-African inheritance? How best can it be developed and renewed?'

This was only part of the problem which occupied the conference. Those who took part in it were also conscious, as I suppose we all are, that the African stage is now set for an accelerated movement towards independence: Ghana yesterday; Nigeria, French West Africa, the Cameroons, tomorrow; Uganda, the Belgian Congo, a little way behind. In actual years the colonial epoch has been relatively short: scarcely the life-span of

a man since the hey-day of partition in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. An old Hausaman, or an old Muganda, can remember the days of the pre-European kingdoms.

But enormous transformations, obviously, have been packed into this short historical period. At the moment I am concerned only with one kind of transformation—the export of European culture, and the process known as 'assimilation'. Whether they have preached 'assimilation' as a theory or not, all the European colonising Powers have practised it in some degree. The African *élite* has been taught in schools organised on the model of British public schools or French *lycées*. It has sat for its Senior Cambridge or its *Baccalauréat*. It has been compelled to learn a little Latin and less Greek. It has been taught to reason in the style of Hume and Ayer, or Descartes and Gilson. It wears academic dress, or drinks vermouth in cafés. When it succeeds in winning a measure of self-government, its institutions take the form of a parliament on the British model (complete with Speaker and mace), or a territorial assembly derived from the French *Conseil-Général*. When this *élite* wants to write poetry, or do scientific research, or run a business, or make political speeches, or philosophise, it is obliged as a rule to use a European language. Friendship, family relationships, love-making, can be handled in the vernacular, but little else. Naturally, in this situation, the African *élite* is confronted with the question: 'How can we be ourselves? How can we make use of European ideas, institutions, and techniques, without becoming their prisoner—without ceasing to be African?' This is a question which political independence by itself does not solve.

This is not a purely African question, nor a purely modern one. And the sharpness with which it is felt seems to vary. It is surely not an accident that the focus of the African

renaissance should be Paris; or that so many of those who are most actively concerned in their writings with the revolt against 'cultural colonisation' should be Senegalese and French West Indians—Léopold-Sédar Senghor, Alioune Diop, Aimé Césaire. For they have been exposed to assimilation in its most uncompromising form, to the dogma that there is only one civilisation, and that civilisation is French.

Finding Other than Racial Tensions

British colonisers, on the other hand, have always had a more take-it-or-leave-it attitude to their culture. We do not really like the word, to begin with. When it comes to the thing, we are diffident about our contemporary poets; we have grave doubts about our educational system; we know our cooking is terrible. Hence, at least in West Africa, Africans have never felt the same sort of need to assert belligerently their values, styles, traditions, against a barrier of European contempt. They have asserted them more as a matter of course. In his opening statement to the conference M. Alioune Diop insisted that every serious African writer or artist is bound to be 'committed', to 'bear witness against the racialism and imperialism of the West'. Later, Dr. Davidson Nicol (a biochemist and writer from Sierra Leone, now a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge) explained that, as a matter of fact, British West African writers have not hitherto found it necessary to think of themselves as 'committed' in quite the same way as French Africans:

In British West African writing there is a lack of the motive power of burning racial injustice which carries through in the writing of other peoples of African descent. . . . The distressing but stimulating convenience of a setting of Afro-European conflict is fortunately or unfortunately denied them. They have to seek other verities and tensions.

However, in Paris, the British West Africans, though something of a special case, certainly accepted the chief presupposition of the conference—that Negro Africans have made, and can make, their own particular valuable contribution to humanity, if once they are free to contribute. Within this very broad framework of agreement there was naturally room for all kinds of opposition to emerge: between Marxists and Liberals; between Christians and secular humanists; between the American Negro's interest in total equality and the African nationalist's interest in total independence. But more profound, I think, than any of these was the opposition between what you might call Africanophiles and Westernisers. The outstanding representative of the Africanophil standpoint is M. Senghor, which is interesting, since superficially it might seem that he was totally integrated into French civilisation: a former prisoner-of-war and member of the Resistance; for the last ten years deputy for Senegal, and a junior Minister in M. Faure's cabinet; Professor of African languages at the Sorbonne; and a distinguished French poet in his own right. Yet no one is a more passionate exponent of the ideas of *négritude*. Senghor's reply to the 'why-have-the-Africans-never-produced-a-Shakespeare?' type of attitude is, put simply, 'Why should they?' The Negro-African genius is essentially different from the European, and has produced different sorts of fruits. (Only Europeans, with their itch to act as the world's schoolmasters, or the world's examiners, would attempt the absurdity of judging between fruits—giving an α to Shakespeare and a β^{++} to the Benin bronzes.) African culture is what it is because Africans are what they are—rational, but in a different way from Europeans, understanding through insight and sympathy rather than through discursive thought. As Césaire described them, in a poem that has become familiar in French Africa:

*Eia pour ceux qui n'ont jamais rien inventé
pour ceux qui n'ont jamais rien exploré
pour ceux qui n'ont jamais rien dompté
mais ils s'abandonnent, saisis à l'essence de toute chose
ignorants des surfaces, mais saisis par le mouvement de toute chose
insoucieux de dompter, mais jouant le jeu du monde.*

African metaphysic—or the typical African metaphysic, Senghor might say—conceives of the world as a hierarchy of forces. African social systems order men in a hierarchy of groups. African culture is the complex of activities, symbols, rhythms, through which African man expresses his understanding of the world and society and sense of unity with them. African art is

essentially a collective art, done for everyone with the participation of everyone. It is a practical art: Senghor quotes as an example an episode from Camara Laye's novel, *The Dark Child*, in which the forging of the golden jewel, the recitation of a poem about the jewel, the dance to celebrate the completion of the jewel, are all parts of a single process. It is a committed art: the artist mirrors his people, his times, his history, but he mirrors them from a definite personal point of view. And it is an art which virtually goes on all the time. As Senghor puts it:

Literature and art do not simply occupy people on Sundays, or 'theatrical evenings', but continue through the eight months of the dry season. Man is all the time absorbed in his relations with Others: spirits, ancestors, members of his family, of his tribe, of his kingdom—even foreigners. These relationships are expressed in feasts, and death itself is the occasion for a feast—for the supreme feast. There are the feasts of harvest and the feasts of sowing; of births, initiations, weddings, funerals. There are the feasts of corporations and the feasts of fraternities.

Senghor's rhetoric is so persuasive, in French at any rate, that it is hard to summarise his argument without emasculating it. But his main thesis is the need for Negro writers to return to their sources, to the African classics, where they can find as rich a variety of myth and story, poetry and drama, sculpture and decoration, as any man could desire—based on a kind of grasp of man's essential nature that Europe has lost.

This thesis of Senghor's was disputed from two points of view. M. Alexis, a Haitian doctor and poet, attacked what he regarded as one of Senghor's underlying assumptions—the notion of a single archetypal African culture, perhaps an idealised portrait of Senghor's own local Serère culture, about which valid generalisations could be made; whereas in fact Negro Africa contains a great diversity of cultures. The answer given to M. Alexis by M. Senghor's supporters was that while, certainly, every African culture was unique, there was a real kinship, or 'cousinship', between them. It made as much sense to talk in a general way about African culture as about European culture. Just as Frenchmen and Italians have a common European-ness, so Wolof and Fulañi have a common African-ness. As one down-to-earth speaker put it: 'Why on earth should we all be gathered here if there were not some common Negro-African culture?'

A Beautiful Dream?

A much more profound question was raised by Mr. Richard Wright, the American Negro writer who lives in Paris. These traditional cultures, which Senghor described so movingly, might they not simply be, in the contemporary context, a beautiful dream? Had they any relevance, really, to the needs of contemporary African man?

The ancestor-cult religion with all of its manifold poetic richness, that created a sense of self-sufficiency—did not that religion, when the European guns came in, act as a sort of aid to those guns? Did that religion help people to resist fiercely and hardily and hurl the Europeans out? I question the value of that culture in relationship to our future. I do not condemn it. But how can we use it?

At times the conference became a kind of dialogue—with Senghor, the Africanophil, saying in effect: 'We are very old, and all our future achievement depends upon grasping and using this ancient African inheritance'; and Richard Wright, the Westerniser, replying: 'We are very young; and while we can admire this ancient culture, we must recognise that, where it survives, it is the reflection of a moribund medieval metaphysic: the ideas which we can use are secular, scientific, western'. Richard Wright is just as positive as Senghor in his rejection of 'cultural imperialism', but from a totally different standpoint. The argument that Milton and Descartes justify the British and French claim to some kind of superiority in relation to Africans is absurd—not primarily because of the uniqueness and rich resources of African culture, but because Milton and Descartes are in no sense British and French 'possessions'. Africans possess them also, perhaps in a more fundamental sense. Descartes 'belongs' in a truer sense to the black African who attacks the irrationality of colour prejudice than to the French *petit blanc* who defends it. (Symbolically the conference met in the Salle de Descartes at the Sorbonne.) Milton 'belongs' to the Bantu

(continued on page 241)

The Stimulating Lands of South America

The first of three talks by A. P. RYAN

WHEN you visit a place for the first time, as I was doing on my tour from Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina on the Atlantic coast across the mountains to the countries of the Pacific coast, you keep asking yourself how far what you see and hear conforms with what you had expected. The physical appearance of mountains and plains and sea coasts makes your first impression. Here I quickly realised that only the half had been told me. I had not been prepared for the immensity of this sub-continent nor for its vivid contrasts. Everything is here. Rich tropical and sub-tropical areas in which crops like coffee can be grown to supply world demand. These are offset by tracts of desert as bleak and arid as any I have seen in the Middle East and North Africa. Then there is the fascination of the wide open spaces—the pampas. To see them is to understand why the men who live there are famous as breeders of cattle. It is an ideal countryside for making meat production a big business. Elsewhere you find corn crops flourishing on the same tremendous scale.

But it is a great mistake to think of South America as given up solely to primary production. Agriculture, the traditional occupation, is being reinforced, and at a rapidly increasing tempo, by industry. The oil wealth of the sub-continent is already a factor in international supply. Venezuela's rise is both legendary and factually true. You could not exaggerate the material progress visible in Venezuela and based on oil; and you could scarcely find in the United States themselves more startling evidence of industrial expansion than marks some South American cities, such as São Paulo. Lastly, to complete the visual picture, come the Andes. Last but not least. I have flown over the Alps and the Himalayas; but the Andes, running up South America from south to north, are the most formidable mountains I have ever seen. Their towering peaks, white with snow, and their savage black steep slopes are truly awe-inspiring.

I have been brought up to refer to this huge sub-



Caracas, capital of Venezuela: a view showing skyscrapers on the Avenida Bolívar
Shell Photographic Unit



Negro and white boys playing together on a beach near Rio

continent as Latin America, but the more I travelled the less did that way of describing it strike me as fitting. All the South American republics have Spanish as their official language, except Brazil which has Portuguese. All are loyal, though in varying degrees, to the Roman Catholic faith. Language and religion thus justified the description of South America as Latin in the sense of deriving from southern Europe. But there are two reasons why the link is less strong than I had supposed. First, people of Spanish and Portuguese descent have not kept close ties with their mother-country. They do not take the same interest in the homes of their ancestors as many Americans do in Britain and elsewhere in Europe. Secondly, and more important, the aboriginal Indians in the south, unlike those in the United States and Canada, have not been drastically reduced in numbers and largely confined to a restricted area. Many of the South American countries have kept their native Indians as a major factor in the racial complex. The number of Spaniards and Portuguese who settled was small and the number of the women whom they brought with them smaller still. So Indian blood is to be found today at all levels of South American society.

A distinct culture has been evolved in South America

which owes much to Spain and Portugal but much again to France and in recent times to the English-speaking world. When South Americans visited Europe they traditionally went to Paris rather than to Madrid or Lisbon and this preference has not died out. Though it never reached the spectacular proportions achieved in the United States, immigration has contributed something to the formation of a new society, particularly in the eastern part of the sub-continent. During the latter part of the nineteenth century and in the first quarter of the twentieth, for instance, there were heavy immigrations, especially into Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, not only from Spain and Portugal but also from Italy, Germany, the Slav countries, Syria and the Lebanon; and recently there has been a considerable influx of Japanese, mainly to Brazil. This has made some parts of South America, such as the south of Brazil, a racial melting-pot comparable to the United States, but South America as a whole has preserved the Spanish-Portuguese basis of its civilisation. But because of the difference in racial leadership and of religion and also, I should add, of climate, the resulting mixture has a flavour of its own unlike that of its great northern neighbour.

There is nothing Anglo-Saxon about South America. Nor is there anything to compare with the friction, to use a mild word, between white and black which disturbs the smooth running of affairs in parts of North America. The colour bar is almost non-existent in the countries I am describing. Brazil is the scene of the most remarkable welding of men and women of mixed races that I have ever examined. If you wanted a quick, short definition of how Brazil strikes a British visitor you could not get a better one than to call it the opposite of South Africa under *apartheid*. The Negro strain is noticeable in most parts of Brazil and it has blended without arousing racial animosity. I swam every day while I was in Copacabana, the beautiful suburb of Rio de Janeiro, and I never tired, as I dried myself in the blazing sunshine, of looking at the family parties and the couples crowded around me on the beach. There was every shade of colour from pure Negro to pure white and everybody was happy.

I did not feel so sure when I got up into parts of South America in which the Indian strain was clearly predominant that happiness was the order of the day. No fair-minded European traveller in South America could fail to be struck by the widespread poverty of so many of the Indians. I had the illusion that the Spanish conquerors, the Conquistadores, Pizarro and the rest, had more or less wiped out the Incas and other Indian populations: but in fact you may travel for miles and miles in Peru and Bolivia and Paraguay among people who speak one of the Indian languages, have little or no Spanish, and who follow a way of life that is not much different from that of their forebears who had never seen a Spaniard or a horse. These people live under conditions that reminded me of the most primitive villages I had seen in Africa and in Asia. I shall never forget going into some of their one-roomed cottages or huts: no chimney; a smoky fire on the floor filling the place with thick aromatic fumes; scarcely any furniture; children and babies milling around in the fog. But most of the time they are out of doors cultivating their crops and tending their herds of llamas, those delightful little animals who spit to express disapproval just as we read that they do.

Many Indians drift into the towns and they have interbred freely with other races. Still, a solid core of them remains in the vast countryside and it will in the long run create a social and a political problem for its rulers. At the moment the Indians are not, so far as I could gather, politically conscious. I was told that there is some little Communist activity among them but that it does not amount to much. They are patient people, accustomed to living hard and satisfied with a little. But the way the world is going wherever undeveloped people are found does not suggest, at least to me, that the South American Indians will continue indefinitely to mark time. I am sure that in the years ahead the welfare of the Indian population will have to be tackled more vigorously than it has so far been. I do not mean by this that there is any hostility to the Indians. It is simply that all the South American countries are so busy with industrial expansion that they have not found much time for bothering about their underdogs.

Chances for the enterprising and the hard-working, for the lucky

speculator and the conscientious craftsman are so bright that South Americans as a whole feel that it is up to individuals to make good. This is a healthy spirit and one that makes all these lands stimulating to the stranger. Their determination to live as they please and to respect their own standards and not those of foreigners is characteristic of them. When I was walking back to my hotel in the main square of Santiago in Chile I found barricades set up and armed police standing about. I had some difficulty before they would let me go through to my hotel. But no trouble was afoot. A tight-rope had been stretched from side to side of the square and some acrobats were



Indians with their llamas in the market at Latacunga, Ecuador

Shell Photographic Unit

balancing themselves on their feet, or, what was more alarming to me, on motor-bicycles, up and down that tight-rope. There was no net and had they fallen they would have been smashed to pulp. The box office receipts came from what the crowds gave. That was why the barricades had been put up. People had to pay to get into the public square. A good time was being had by all on a fine summer evening.

I enjoyed it. But I could not help reflecting in my insular way that if such a thing were tried in London it would be promptly stopped on the grounds that it was too risky to human life and too upsetting of traffic. South Americans are more prepared than we are to take that sort of chance.

Another memory is of a Sunday afternoon in Bogota, with family parties including small children dancing with excitement as they held their parents' hands all converging on to an arena to see a comic bull-fight. The matadors who killed the bulls were dressed in fancy dress. One was in topper, tails, and white tie. He approached his bull and planted his darts, strolling with nonchalant dignity. His colleague, a stout, cheerful-looking, bald-headed gentleman who was got up as a fireman, played the clown before he despatched his victims. The expertise was admirable and the whole business delighted the family parties. But again I reflected on all the trouble there would be if anyone tried to stage such a spectacle in some other parts of the world.

Yes, South America receives visitors with open arms and invites them to join in the local work and play. But if you do so you must join in on your host's terms. Every South American country sticks uninhibitedly to its own way of life.

—General Overseas Service

Mr. Khrushchev's Visit to East Germany

A comment from West Berlin by EBERHARD KOERTING

PEOPLE here in Germany did not know what there was to be grateful for in the visit of Mr. Khrushchev. As one citizen of East Berlin put it: 'It is all very well to have Khrushchev here, but what we actually need are potatoes, not politicians'. People still living on ration cards twelve years after the war can hardly be impressed by sounding slogans. What they want are facts: facts on the burning issues of their economic rehabilitation and of at last granting them those civic rights of which they are deprived; to vote freely and secretly on whom they want to see in Government.

They also want facts on the reunification with their 50,000,000 countrymen in the West, but anyone who might have been doubtful about the Soviet philosophy on this point was taught differently at last week's special session of the Volkskammer, the red puppet Parliament of East Berlin. The firm stand on free elections, which has recently been taken again by the West, was echoed by another equally firm 'no' on the part of the Soviets. Mr. Khrushchev's speech made it evident, if proof was still needed, that the Red rulers are by no means interested in German reunification but exclusively in consolidating their grip on central Europe as a military, political, and economic outpost. So far, they seem to prefer the tested loyalty of the Communist Party leader, Walter Ulbricht, to a workable arrangement with the German nation. Maybe they think they cannot afford to drop such a reliable tool, and that is why they credited him with a special commendation.

There has been speculation throughout the Berlin press and political quarters on whether or not Mr. Khrushchev might devise some sensational project to interfere with the forthcoming West German election, but a politician as shrewd as the First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party could hardly have had this in mind when he reiterated Soviet unwillingness even to consider ways and means to break the deadlock in the German question on terms acceptable to the West as well as to the German nation. While West Germany's Social Democrats had openly challenged Mr. Khrushchev to name his price for unification, the party boss had no more to tell them, and an anxious world, than his backing of the East German plans for a loose confederation between East and West Germany, a plan which had already been rejected in Bonn by both the Coalition parties and the Socialist opposition.

Be this as it may, there is no doubt among observers of the political scene here as to another substantial reason for Mr.

Khrushchev's lengthy trip to Soviet Russia's western outpost, at a time when he himself is deeply involved in the internal struggle for power at home that should require his presence there. It is an open secret that the old Stalinist Walter Ulbricht has felt the need to drum up authoritative support for himself and his regime. The highly unpopular party secretary and *de facto* head of the Government is badly in trouble. He must cope not only with growing dissension among intellectual groups, which he could and does suppress, and internal party troubles to which he is used, but also—and this is a much more ticklish problem—with the job of keeping the East German economic system from going bankrupt. Export commitments to Soviet Russia and satellite states rest heavily on the East German industry and its strained resources of manpower. A 100,000,000-rouble lag of the machines and tools industry alone in fulfilling export obligations has been disclosed recently. Contracts with some states in the Near East, particularly Egypt, had to be cancelled by the Soviet zone Government to lessen the export deficit to the Soviet Union.

A substantial credit promised to the East German Government by Soviet Russia last year has never been heard of again. It is likely that Ulbricht and Prime Minister Grotewohl have rung the alarm bell to remind Russia of these promises.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Austerity in France?

'LAST WEEK', said NEIL BRUCE in the course of a talk from Paris broadcast in 'From Our Own Correspondent', 'the Governor of the Bank of France presented his annual report, and in giving a warning of the dangers of the present economic situation he explained in brief how it has arisen. It is true, he said, that production has been increasing steadily; but, in recent years, France has to a certain extent been living on illusions; the state and the nation have been anticipating future increases in wealth to too great an extent. If insolvency is to be avoided, then exports must be increased, home consumption reduced, and government expenditure cut. In addition there is the heavy cost of the Algerian campaign which few Frenchmen are prepared to abandon, and the fact that 1958 will be the first year in which no foreign aid will be forthcoming—unless, that is, the current rumours that France is to seek a new dollar loan prove to be true. So the Minister of Finance succeeded, after almost a fortnight of ministerial meetings, in winning support for his austerity programme.

'If it is fully applied it will mean austerity. First, there will be cuts in government spending of about £600,000,000 to be spread over all the departments except Education and Posts and Telegraphs, an average reduction of about ten per cent. on non-productive expenditure (on new roads, for example); a big cut in the military budget and the release of 130,000 men from the Forces by the end of the year, but without affecting the operations in Algeria. Then there will be the gradual abolition of government subsidies and, as we have already seen here, an increase in the sales tax on a wide range of goods.

'Even so, the budget deficit next year will be more than £800,000,000, and the whole programme depends on the co-operation of the nation. Wages and prices are to be stabilised, the Minister has said; but the minimum wage has just had to be increased, and with the rapidly rising cost of living there are almost certainly going to be strong demands for wage increases in industry in the autumn. It is a serious and a courageous attempt to tackle the problem. Living is already extremely expensive and prices are bound to rise in the coming months. But, meanwhile, it is the holiday season and it is only later that the bills will have to be paid. But they are big bills, as we have seen during the past few days'.



Mr. Khrushchev during his visit to East Berlin. On his right is Mr. Mikoyan, one of the Soviet Deputy Prime Ministers

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Reports on Mr. Khrushchev's visit to East Germany

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A Great Admiral

ROBERT BLAKE, the famous English admiral of the Cromwellian era, died exactly 300 years ago last week. We publish on the page opposite extracts from a tribute paid to him by Mr. Isaac Foot in a broadcast given in the West of England Home Service. As Professor Christopher Lloyd points out in an article in *History Today*, Blake might be an even more familiar historical figure if he had been as flamboyant a personality as Drake or Nelson. But like his contemporary, Oliver Cromwell, he was essentially a modest and dedicated man. He is said never to have shown himself 'even in his own ship, except when the sun shone' and, according to another account, to have been 'commonly very plain in his dress' and always 'with a reserve of moderation'. A squat Somerset man, he first made his mark in the civil wars as a fighting colonel and did not command at sea until he was fifty. He left the west of England to win fame and returned to the west to die. He never married or intrigued or dabbled much in politics, though he was a member of parliament. He once declared that as a sailor 'it is not for us to mind State affairs, but to keep foreigners from fooling us'.

Very few of Blake's personal letters have survived, and some curious legends have accumulated round his name. One of them, which still finds its way occasionally into historical books, is that as a stern republican he disapproved of Cromwell's policies. There is, however, no sound evidence to sustain this story; on the contrary, the two men admired and trusted each other. It is also regarded as somewhat fantastic that this colonel, who had proved his worth in siege warfare, should have been selected for a high command at sea. But both Blake's father and grandfather had been merchants and shipowners: he took over the family business when his father died and it is quite likely that he crossed the seas in his own ships. In any case artillerymen were usually given such commands in those days: General George Monck, like Blake, proved himself an excellent admiral.

What were Blake's specific contributions to the progress of the navy? Professor Lloyd suggests that while he was admiral 'a legal and administrative revolution' was carried through in relation to discipline. Moreover, sick and wounded and victualing boards were set up, pay increased, naval hospitals founded and the use of the naval ensign—a red cross on a white ground—became general. Blake virtually for the first time wintered a fleet in the Mediterranean and after his expeditions the Royal Navy maintained a Mediterranean station almost continuously until modern times. He (and Monck) appear to have been responsible for inventing the celebrated method of fighting in line ahead and drawing a distinction between the line-of-battle ship and the rest. With his 'new model fleet' Blake won victories over the Dutch and Spaniards which helped to make England a Great Power and reverberated through our history long after the only English Republic had vanished.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S VISIT to East Germany was extensively publicised by Communist radio stations. On August 6 the East German radio called on the people of Berlin to give the Soviet visitors 'a mighty demonstration of close friendship'. It spoke of their 'joy' at the visit, claiming that the workers knew it could 'only bring something good for them'. They would therefore use the occasion to express 'their profound gratitude for the great, unselfish, fraternal assistance rendered to the German people' by the Soviet Union. Preparatory broadcasts on the eve of the visit spoke of the 'technical superiority over the West' of the U.S.S.R., which had produced 'the first centre of atomic energy, the first atomic ice-breaker, and the first jet passenger aircraft'.

On arrival in East Berlin, Mr. Khrushchev described the U.S.S.R. as 'a faithful friend and comrade-in-arms', and added:

On the way relations between our two peoples are being formed depends to a decisive degree the peace and security of Europe.

Among the points mentioned by Mr. Ulbricht, in his speech of welcome, was that it was thanks to the U.S.S.R. that 'the plans of the imperialist Big Powers to partition Germany were frustrated at the Yalta Conference'. In his speech at the Berlin Town Hall on August 8 Mr. Ulbricht declared that the Communist Party in East Germany was guiding the German working class with a view to inflicting a decisive defeat on German militarism in the coming West German elections. (Moscow broadcasts denied western allegations that Mr. Khrushchev's visit to East Germany was designed to influence the West German elections.)

In his speech to the 'People's Chamber' Mr. Khrushchev stated that the Germans themselves must solve the question of German unity. The East German Government had already outlined a 'completely realistic way'—that of creating a German confederation. To propose free all-German elections, as the Western Powers had again done in their latest declaration, was 'sheer hypocrisy': their programme was to turn all Germany into a Nato base. Mr. Khrushchev then declared:

We are ready to remove all our troops, not only from Germany but also from Poland, Hungary, and Rumania, if the U.S.A. and other Nato countries withdraw theirs from West Germany, France, and Britain.

Recalling that the Soviet Union and East Germany were parties to the Warsaw Treaty, Mr. Khrushchev went on:

You may rest assured that the Soviet Union and other socialist countries will, if need be, fulfil their duty to the German Democratic Republic and defend her democratic gains and freedom and independence.

On the eve of the visit an East German commentator gave details of the 'invincibility' of Soviet armed strength. These included the T-54 tank, with a 100-mm. gun and rocket-firing equipment, which could reach a speed of 90 km. per hour, and was 'far superior to all western types of the same class'. Soviet submarines had succeeded in passing unnoticed through United States radar defences, and one had reached the Antarctic 'entirely under water'. Soviet bombers with a range of 18,800 km. could 'carry atomic and H-bombs to every point of the globe'.

Among the points made by West German commentators on Mr. Khrushchev's speeches was that they showed his intention to keep East Germany permanently in the Communist camp; and they disproved any hopes of a more elastic Soviet policy following Mr. Molotov's fall from grace. From the U.S.A., *The New York Times* was quoted as noting that the people of East Germany, remembering the brutal suppression of the revolt in 1953, gave the Soviet leader the coolest reception he had yet had on his travels.

Commenting on Mr. Khrushchev's previous journey—to Rumania last week to meet Tito—a number of western broadcasts spoke of the Soviet leader's efforts to draw Tito into the Soviet bloc. A Yugoslav broadcast quoting *Borba* welcomed the results of the Khrushchev-Tito talks, and said the recent demotions of Molotov, Malenkov, and Kaganovich had helped to eliminate the existing difficulties between the two countries.

Did You Hear That?

CROMWELL'S GENERAL-AT-SEA

'AT THE BREAK OF DAY on August 7, 300 years ago', said ISAAC FOOT in a talk in the West of England Home Service, 'the ship *George* entered Plymouth Sound. It was laden with precious cargo—the body of Robert Blake, General-at-Sea. He had sailed his last voyage. As his fleet of eleven ships came into English waters it was known that he was about to die. He had hoped to see his beloved West Country once again. As they came towards Plymouth the other ships were sent on up the Channel, but the *George* (with two other ships) was turned into Plymouth Sound in the hope that the great seaman might yet reach his native soil. But it was not to be. Within sight of home his great heart broke.

'The body of Blake was taken to London to be buried later in Westminster Abbey, in solemn state, but his heart was buried in St. Andrew's Church in Plymouth. Plymouth had become his second home. If Blake had to die, it was fitting that this great sailor should die at sea and Plymouth was the rightful place for the burial of his heart.

'It was in Plymouth Sound that he had assembled in that August of 1654 the great fleet of about thirty ships, probably the most powerful fleet that England had ever seen up to that time. His Admiral's ship was then the same ship *George*, with its sixty guns and 350 men. That armada, upon which the people of Plymouth must have gazed with wonder during a whole fortnight, left for a voyage which for a time was to be second to none in our history. That fleet did not return to our shores until October, 1655. To be at sea for a whole twelve months was thought a tremendous achievement in those days, but it was during that year that the English Fleet became an English Navy. I have before me a newspaper of that time where, under the date October 17, there is the entry "General Blake presented himself to the Protector".

'The people of Plymouth therefore knew all about the good ship *George*, and now three years later August had come again and Blake was home. They had been told of his coming. There was the *George* with its two companion vessels, but Robert Blake was not there to step ashore. His body was to be taken on. That was Blake's last voyage up the Channel: the Channel upon which he spent a great part of his life; the Channel upon which he had met and defeated the greatest sea captains of the age; the Channel from which he had swept clean the enemy fleet under Tromp and De Ruyter, and from which he had chased the ships of Prince Rupert of the Rhine, and where he had taught a lesson even to the ships of France. This Bridgwater merchant who up to the age of fifty or thereabouts had known nothing of a ship-of-war had within three or four years taught the world that the Channel was the English Channel. The people of Plymouth knew all about this. Sometimes the battle took place just off their shores. Indeed, Plymouth itself stood in immediate peril: sometimes they could hear the gunfire of the rival fleets and often the little town was crowded out with the sick and wounded. Blake was their protector and their shield. And now he was gone.

'They bade farewell to the *George* and the other two ships as they left with their precious burden. It was taken to Greenwich to lie in state whilst preparation was made for a worthy burial. Cromwell, the Lord Protector, knew that he had lost his greatest man, and he was resolved that the manner of his burial should mark not only his own tribute to the man he loved but that of the nation. It was on September 4 that the General-at-Sea was laid to rest. The short voyage up the Thames and the procession along the street from Westminster Bridge was made one of solemn splendour. Cromwell wished the whole world to hear the gun-fire. Cromwell loved music and every bugler and trumpeter

sounded the Requiem of this great sea-captain, and there at the rear marched the regiment of the soldier, Colonel Robert Blake.

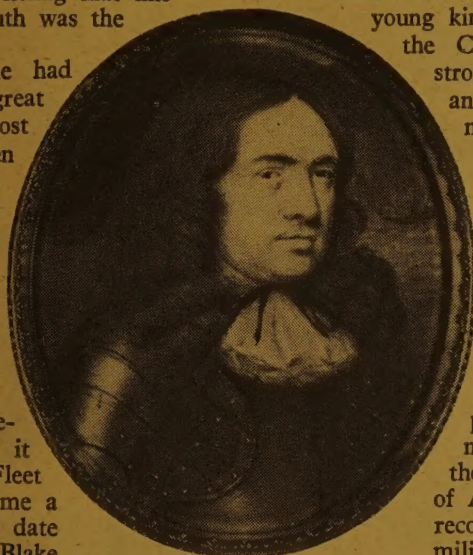
'Both Lyme Regis and Taunton were defended by Blake as a soldier in the Civil War. Each place was saved mainly by his leadership and courage. The defence of Lyme (as it then was called) and of Taunton was an epic story. The statue at Bridgwater is fittingly the figure of a soldier and an Ironside. Oliver Cromwell came to know of him as a soldier in the defence of Taunton, and Cromwell could recognise a soldier when he saw one. Later on, when Cromwell in Ireland needed a second-in-command his choice fell on Robert Blake, and if Blake had consented he would have been at Cromwell's side at Dunbar and Worcester, but fortunately for England, and indeed for Cromwell himself, Blake chose to remain a General-at-Sea.

'When the Commonwealth came into being, the Channel Islands and the Isles of Scilly were in the possession of the young king and held by able Royalist commands. If the Commonwealth was to survive, both these strongholds had to be taken. They were taken, and taken in two desperate encounters, and the man who did that work was Robert Blake.

'The importance of the Isles of Scilly at that time has never been sufficiently realised. The command of the Scillies virtually meant the command of the Channel. The command of the Channel meant the command of the Seven Seas. Prince Rupert had been given the command of the King's ships and was exhorted to hold the Scillies at all costs. The Scillies were also coveted by Holland at the height of her maritime power, and the young King, in his desperate need for money, was on the point of selling them or pawning them to the wealthy merchants of Amsterdam. Somehow the Scillies had to be recovered, and that recovery meant naval and military operations. Blake knew what was at stake. Had he failed, here or in the Channel Islands, the victory at Dunbar and the "crowning mercy" of Worcester would have counted for little. The Commonwealth had learnt the value

and the significance of sea power. Parliament had held predominant sea power during the Civil War. Marston Moor and Naseby were the decisive battles of the Civil War, but it was sea power that made both victories possible.

'Within three or four years from the establishment of the Commonwealth there occurred one of the greatest miracles of our history. As a result of the execution of the King, the Commonwealth found itself ringed in on every side by its enemies. Ireland and Scotland were hostile. England for a time had not a single friend in the whole world; we were a pariah state. Englishmen abroad were scorned and insulted. And every representative abroad stood in fear of assassination. Every English ship that put out to sea was in constant peril. Within four years all that was changed. Foreign Ambassadors became beggars at our gates. No price was too high to pay for England's favour. That miracle was brought about mainly by two men—the one was Oliver Cromwell, the other was Robert Blake'.



Admiral Robert Blake: a miniature by Samuel Cooper
National Maritime Museum

THE SUPERMARKET

'A report by the British Productivity Council that supermarkets would increase in favour in Britain', said DOUGLAS WILLIS of the B.B.C. Washington staff in 'From Our Own Correspondent', 'led Mr. Herman Kent, of the National Federation of Grocers and Provision Dealers, to oppose what he called "growing Americanisation of the British food industry". This prospect—coming on top of automation, Hollywood films, rock 'n' roll, central heating, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, and stretch girdles—may be the last straw for Britain to bear.

'However, as a veteran of three years' supermarketing, I feel there is something to be said in its favour; although, in its most frightening aspect, there is much to be said in support of the small British shopkeeper's underlying fear that too many supermarkets will put him out of business. That has already happened here in Washington and in many smaller American towns and cities. In Washington, with a population of 2,000,000, I know of only one independent butcher, only one independent grocer—and he runs a small supermarket—and only a few fishmongers who manage to survive by selling fresh, fairly unfrozen fish at Fisherman's Wharf, on the Washington waterfront.

'The small grocers, butchers, and fishmongers either collapsed under competition from the supermarkets—with their bulk-buying practices—or banded together to form their own smaller supermarkets. Their prices are still higher than the big chain stores, but they exist by giving some personal attention to the customer, by staying open for fourteen hours a day seven days a week, and by delivering the goods to your door for a small extra charge.

'That is the more depressing side of a bright, shining, chromium-plated, plateglass, processed, deep-frozen way of life where the customer—air conditioned in summer, thermostatically warmed in winter, and submerged in soft music all the time—is always right. Any time, between nine in the morning and nine at night, he drives into a car-park as big as a football pitch, enters through a door which opens automatically when he steps on the mat, and selects a chromium-plated carriage fitted with a special seat for the baby. He may have gone in for a loaf of bread, a tin of peaches and a tooth-brush; he is likely to emerge with enough food to feed a small army, enough soap powder to start a

laundry, a mouth-organ for junior, and a set of Dickens for a dollar down. These will all be packed for him in large brown paper bags, loaded on to a conveyor belt, and delivered by this means to the outside world—where a keen college boy opens the door of the car and puts the bags carefully into the back.

'All the food items, including washed potatoes and carrots, are bought wrapped in protective material. Fish, meat, and chickens are frozen like concrete; it is all hygienic, and most of the food is presumably untouched at any stage by human hand. Dirt of any kind is unknown—the food, however, tends to be tasteless. This, then, is shopping for food as the average American knows it. An operation rarely conducted more than once a week, and made as painless as possible. A great and fundamental difference, I believe, between the British and American systems is that shopping in America is geared to the car and the refrigerator; to the customer and not to the shopkeeper. And if the customer has got a dollar in his pocket, that is extracted as quickly and as painlessly as possible. Shopping bags are unknown. Women do not stand outside greengrocers' shops in the rain. Fish is not laid out on marble slabs to collect dust and flies. Women do not overflow into the street from butchers' shops. Suburban shops do not close at half-past five.

'When I was at home in England recently, I was struck by the apparent popularity, and seeming acceptance by the public, of one word—the word "Closed". Some shopkeepers must have spent quite a lot of money buying printed signs which they so proudly displayed in their windows. Now and again there was a variation—the word "Open"—which appeared on the windows

of fish-and-chip shops, accompanied by the words "At nine o'clock", or some future time when either I was no longer hungry or no longer there. I visited small towns where all the shops closed for lunch—petrol stations closed on Sundays; restaurants closed at six o'clock.

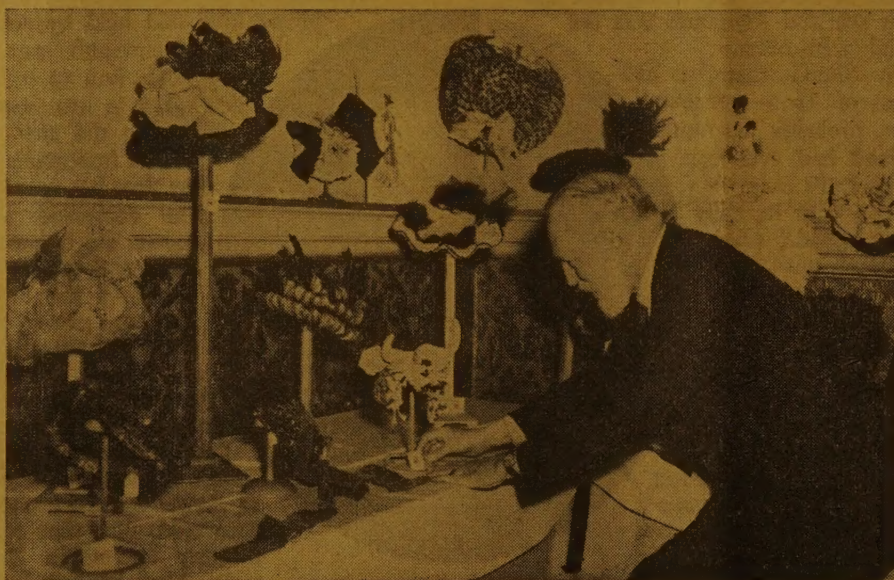
'This sort of thing—perhaps it is a cause for regret, life might be more leisurely with it—does not happen in the United States. It used not to happen in Britain. Perhaps perfection lies somewhere in between; and—who knows?—the Americanisation, as Mr. Kent calls it, of the British food industry might do for shoppers in Britain what a young American, Mr. Selfridge, did for them so many years ago, when he arrived in London with his revolutionary ideas. Britain survived, absorbed and developed the idea of the department store; it adopted Woolworth's—there was probably strong opposition to both innovations at the time'.

FRENCH HATS

JEAN GOODMAN visited the festival of the arts at King's Lynn for the B.B.C. and spoke in 'The Eye-witness' about the exhibition of French hats which was one of the attractions this year.

'Even male visitors could not fail to admire this display of 120 model hats grouped like choice blossoms at a flower show and filling the old English Town Hall at King's Lynn with something of the aura of French society over the past 150 years.

'I saw poke bonnets from the seventeenth-eighties leading the way to the delicious concoctions designed to perch on elaborate coiffures towards the middle of the next century. Did it matter then, I wonder, what husbands said to such



Some of the creations in the exhibition of French hats held during the annual festival at King's Lynn. Arranging them is M. François Boucher, Director of the Union Française des Arts du Costume, the sponsors of the exhibition

pieces of feminine frivolity as a little cap of pink tulle roses, so fragile it was apparently necessary to deliver it in a special, protective wooden hatbox with a hatstand built to slip in and out on runners so that the dainty creation, like a tiny bouquet, need scarcely be touched by hand. And for a few years later there was a little half-hat of taffeta petals, trimmed with velvet ribbons and pale lilies, that the Empress Eugenie considered was discreet enough to wear on her visits to the poor in 1865.

'I saw many of these hats once made for well-known leaders of fashion. Confronted by them, it was strangely easy to picture their wearers. A saucy, beribboned boater garlanded with flowers had adorned, surely, a very young Princess Metternich at a garden-party in 1865; and I thought how well a concoction of pink satin and tufts of rose feathers, made in Paris, must have suited the Duchess of Kent, twenty years ago. I was surprised to see too, how many of the old hats, particularly those of the mid-nineteenth century, could have been worn today. Indeed, the round-brimmed black felts still worn by many schoolgirls are exact replicas of a lady's sports hat I saw from 1860, even to its hat-band and badge. This, I noticed, was appropriately inscribed in French with the motto "The Lord Keep You"; this hat stood out among the black jewelled cocktail caps, big-brimmed picture hats, and "coolies" of lace or straw, showing that all our recent fashions are but pale repetitions of those of the last century. And if a logical sequence continues, we are due, any time now, it seems, for the top-heavy toques, plumed tricornees, or felt monstrosities, decorated with anything up to two pounds of artificial grapes'.

Industrial Accidents and the Law

By A SOLICITOR

IT is a common notion that while we ourselves are grossly overworked and scandalously underpaid, the other fellow gets much too much for doing nothing. The welfare state is the perfect subject for this kind of self-righteousness. Sick people get benefit they have paid for—malingerers. The unemployed get the insurance for which they have contributed—scrimshankers. Workmen, injured by their employers' negligence, go to law to get damages—money-grabbers. And it is all the fault of the welfare state.

All this is harmless enough in its place, but I do not regard the Third Programme as a proper vehicle for such muddled thinking. We had an example when Dr. Glanville Williams, with all his great authority as an academic lawyer, spoke on this programme a few months back and dealt with the law relating to claims for damages by workmen injured in industrial accidents.* His contention was that in recent years judges have been leaning over backwards to find in favour of injured workmen in such claims and that Parliament, by recent changes in the law, had made it much too easy for them to recover damages from their employers; that all this was unfair to employers; and that it was the welfare state mentality that was at the root of it all. I would like to examine his contentions.

No Bias against Employers

The innuendo that Her Majesty's Judges are unduly biased against employers and are meekly operating welfare-state policy need not keep us long. It just is not the case. If anything, it is more difficult to win a case for a workman today than it was five or ten years ago, and I think the reason for this lies in the very conditions which the welfare state itself has created. With full employment, a Court is less likely to treat the risk of dismissal as a compelling excuse for a workman's own carelessness. With more generous state benefits, a Judge is less inclined to allow himself to be swayed by sympathy for the injured workman.

Dr. Williams cited cases to support his contention that Judges are being beastly to employers. I could do the same to prove the opposite. For example, *Horton v. London Graving Dock* decided that a workman who complained about a defective scaffold but who continued working on it and was injured, was, by his very knowledge of the defect, barred from claiming against the contractors—they were not his employers—who had erected and were responsible for it. *Lister v. Romford Ice Storage Company* decided that a lorry driver was not covered by his employer's Road Traffic Act insurance policy and was personally liable for damage done by his negligent driving even though the vehicle itself was insured. Personally, I think these cases were wrongly decided, but all this swapping of cases gets us nowhere. The only proper way of approaching the question is by asking what are the principles on which the Courts work, and then considering whether those principles are fair and equitable.

When Judges come to adjudicate on a claim by an injured workman for damages against an employer, they apply exactly the same test as has been applied in every claim for negligence from time immemorial. The test is: Was the accident due to a want of reasonable care on the part of the defendant, his servants, or agents? If it was, then, *prima facie*, he is liable. There are no special rules of negligence relating to industrial accident claims which put them in a separate category from street accident claims or any other claims based on negligence. The test is always the same.

There are three general types of carelessness which may serve as the basis of a claim for damages by an injured workman against his employer. These may be committed either personally by an employer or by his servants or agents for whose acts he is vicariously responsible.

The first of these arises out of the casual act of negligence of a fellow employee. An obvious example of this is someone dropping a brick on someone else's foot. In the same way as a pedestrian has a claim against a bus company if he is injured by the negligent driving of a driver, so a workman, injured by the carelessness of a fellow workman, has a claim against the common employer. All this is fair and logical enough but, in fact, has only been the position since 1948. Until then the law was governed by a judicial decision of 1837, *Priestley v. Fowler*. This decision gave an employer a defence—known as the defence of 'common employment'—under which he could not be made liable to pay damages to a workman injured through the casual act of negligence of a fellow workman. The basis of the decision was a classic example of *laissez-faire* logic. The theory was that a workman, when he went to work for an employer, weighed up, as a good economic man should, the pros and cons of the job he was taking. Amongst the cons was the risk of injury from a fellow workman. Therefore, so ran the argument, an employee who accepted a job impliedly contracted out of any rights to damages he might have against his employer on that account. Of course, this was complete nonsense even in 1837; no one ever does or ever did reason like that. As industrial concerns became bigger and bigger, the fantasy that a man was able to weigh up intelligently the risk of injury by the negligence of one of thousands of fellow employees became even more ridiculous. Everyone, lawyers, industrialists, trade unionists, politicians, agreed in condemning so unrealistic a doctrine, and in 1948 it was legislated out of existence. Naturally, as a result many claims for damages can be maintained now that could never have been made before. I cannot imagine that anyone can cavil at that. My pity goes out not to the employers who have to pay today, but to the thousands of injured workmen in the past who were deprived of justice through the operation of so unreasonable a doctrine.

The second foundation of a claim for damages in respect of an industrial accident comes under the general heading of unsafe system of working. An employer, through his executives and foreman, is in charge of the planning of the job. It is up to him to take reasonable steps to make sure that the labour available is reasonably skilful, that the plant and equipment are reasonably adequate for their purpose, and that the lay-out of the job, its planning, the system of work are all designed to prevent all accidents which can reasonably be foreseen. 'Reasonable steps': nobody expects a guarantee that no accident will ever happen or an insurance that if one does the workman will automatically receive damages. The onus is on the injured man to prove that the system was not reasonably safe. The court will pay due regard to what the general system is throughout the industry concerned; in the main a system generally adopted is accepted as a reasonable one. The fact that there have been no accidents for a long time previously is also relevant. Having heard the evidence the Judge decides whether an employer has or has not taken reasonable precautions and gives judgment accordingly, just as he does in any other action based on negligence.

Claims Based on Negligence

Finally, there are claims based on negligence which is closely associated with breaches of the relevant statutory code for safety, the Factories Act, the Mines and Quarries Act, and so on. Parliament has passed safety legislation with the object of reducing work accidents. An employer who defies such legislation is by law a criminal and can be fined. When a workman is injured by such a criminal act and comes before the Courts, his claim is subjected to a precisely similar test as any other: Was the employer reasonable? And since the case of *Groves v. Wimborne* in 1898 the courts have used a very simple yardstick. They

* THE LISTENER, December 6, 1956

say that, on the face of it, a man who has caused an accident through committing the crime of failing to obey Parliament's safety code has not acted reasonably. Well, has he?

Dr. Williams complains because the effect of strict enforcement of the Act might make a particular machine or operation unusable, and refers to a case decided in 1955. The relevant case, in fact, was that of *Davis v. Owen*, which was decided in 1919. This decided that the Acts imposed absolute duties which must be obeyed and that if a machine or operation could not be worked in compliance with the Acts then it could not be worked at all. At first glance this looks harsh, but consider the alternative. If the requirements of a safety code are not to be made absolute, then what exceptions are you going to permit? How many coaches and horses are you going to allow through? 'The guards are on order', 'We have not got any the right size', 'The workers won't use them', 'It will affect production'; can't you just hear the excuses that would come flooding out? The Acts would become a dead letter in no time.

Effective Guards

It is easy to say, as does Dr. Williams, that proper fencing will make certain machines 'totally useless'. That was once said about vertical spindles and about power presses, but with the combined skill and ingenuity of the Factory Inspectorate and the manufacturers, effective guards have been devised for such machines, accidents have been drastically reduced, and production has been in no way interfered with. Where there are machines, for example in woodworking, which really cannot be used if securely guarded, special Regulations have been devised which modify the absolute requirements of the Act itself. Where this occurs, the employer is protected, both civilly and criminally, if he complies with these less-stringent requirements. It is really a little trying to see employers presented as martyrs because they are expected to obey carefully devised laws and because the Courts hold them civilly liable in damages if they cause injury by their criminal actions.

As I have said, an employer is, *prima facie*, civilly liable if he has either directly or through his servants or agents been negligent. He can raise in answer to any claim the counter-allegation of contributory negligence on the part of the injured workman: 'You were careless, too'. Before 1945, this formed a complete answer to the claim. If the workman was shown to have been partially responsible, even to a small extent, he got nothing. This could lead to some very unjust results where an employer, or a motorist for that matter, was guilty of a high degree of negligence and yet could get away absolutely scot free because of some minor act of carelessness on the part of the injured man. Since 1945, the injured man's own carelessness no longer acts as a total bar to his claim but does operate to reduce the damages he recovers. The Judge apportions the mutual blame on a percentage basis and awards a corresponding percentage of the full liability value of the case. Thus, if he thinks the workman was fifty per cent. to blame, he awards him only half of the full damages, and so on. This arrangement, which applies also to street accident cases and is not a special concession to favour injured workmen, has disposed of a very real source of injustice.

The law as it stands applies the same test to employers as in any other claim based on negligence. Does this work unfairly? Is there a case to be made out for giving some special dispensation to employers which the law does not grant to others?

Grim Realities

It is right in considering this question to have in mind some of the grim realities of the problem of accidents at work. In the last year for which statistics are available there were 703 deaths and 187,000 non-fatal accidents in premises covered by the Factories Act. There were 337 deaths and 220,000 non-fatal accidents in coal mining. Quarrying, agriculture (where the accident rate is surprisingly high owing to increased mechanisation), railways and other transport, are not included in these figures. We have been discussing the cost of these accidents to employers but it is well to remember that, when all is said and done, it is the workman who has had the accident and who has borne the loss. I have yet to meet a case where, no matter how great the damages, a workman has made a profit out of his accident. The

best he can hope for is some financial compensation for the financial losses and physical injuries he has sustained.

I know perfectly well that no employer, however careful he is, can always prevent every accident. I know, too, that workmen are sometimes careless of their own and others' safety. I am not approaching the problem on the basis that all employers are satanic criminals, and that all workmen are safety-conscious saints. Nor, as we have seen, do Judges. But I do say this. That in any firm, factory, farm, or pit it is the management that sets the standard of safety. It is the management who lay out the system and timing of work. By an ill-devised piece-work scheme an employer can turn an ordinary group of workers into a gang of bonus-hunting, safety-cutting lunatics. By setting too high an average speed for a lorry driver's run, he forces him to travel at dangerous speeds at certain points. If he 'provides' goggles in a store half a mile away from the job, obviously no one will use them. If he does not arrange for timber to come up to the face, naturally the miners will work under ill-supported roofs. When an accident happens in any such case, it is, of course, easy for an employer to say that the individual workman was to blame—but, deep down, was he?

Even more important is the atmosphere of the job as far as safety is concerned. We all know of jobs where an apprentice is called a sissy for using a guard or goggles, or where the foreman grumbles when a bricklayer asks for a guardrail to be put on a scaffold, or where a deputy winks at too-few supports being used as long as the coal gets out. Equally, we know of firms who go to great trouble to work out special safety devices to meet new risks, well beyond their statutory requirements, who employ trained safety officers and give them a free hand, who sack workmen who persistently fail to use safety devices; or of pit managers who put a productive face out of commission until they are sure it is well supported.

Good Housekeeping Tactics

May I give an actual case to illustrate what I have in mind? On a certain building job it was found that a number of accidents were being caused by workmen treading on nails sticking out of shuttering boards which were being left about the site. The firm could have shrugged its shoulders and said: 'It's the fault of the men. Why don't they look where they're going?' What in fact they did was to give orders to the carpenters to remove all nails immediately the shuttering was struck and to set aside men to go round tidying up the site and clearing away any shuttering boards and other rubble lying about. Very little time or money was involved, and the net result of this piece of good housekeeping was an immediate reduction in this type of accident from thirty a month to two or three a month.

It lies within the power of management drastically to cut the accident rate by intelligent appraisal of the possible risks, by tackling the potential causes of accidents, by letting it be known that cutting corners and taking risks is not clever and is not a way of winning favour. It is right that I should say that, more and more, British industry is becoming safety conscious and realising that accidents do not pay, financially, socially, or in any other way. There is increasing recognition that a safe industry is a productive industry and a profitable industry. Anything that helps to persuade, cajole or educate employers into recognising their very special responsibilities is both socially and economically commendable, and the law has its part to play in this. It would be a brave man who could claim that the present law is too harsh on employers and ought to be modified at the expense of injured workmen.—*Third Programme*

The 1957 edition of *The Statesman's Year-Book*, a Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the World, edited by S. H. Steinberg (Macmillan, 45s.) is now available.

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The B.B.C. Riverside Television Studios: the Architectural Aspects by E. A. Fowler, L.R.I.B.A., Building Department, B.B.C. Engineering Division, is the latest addition (No. 13) to the series of monographs written in the Division. About six of these monographs are produced every year. Individual copies cost 5s. post free, while the annual subscription is £1 post free. Orders can be placed with newsagents or booksellers or B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London W.1.



Villagers building a new road in Delhi State

The New Look in the Indian Village

The second of five talks by PHILIP MASON

IN the first of these talks*, I told you I had been back to India and Pakistan, where I spent many years of my life, with the object of talking to some of the villagers and trying to find out how they are getting on. I described a conversation that was typical of many others, in which a peasant grumbled about high prices and taxes and said it was not like that in the times of the British, while a man with a little more education, though still no English, argued with him that prices had been rising steadily for years and it was so everywhere—nothing to do with independence—while it was surely a matter for pride that India was free. That, by the way, among people who speak English is taken for granted: it goes without saying. I went on to say that although this reaction of the peasant was widespread there were other areas in which there were signs of a new spirit. These are the areas which the Government has classified as Intensive Development Blocks and Blocks under the National Extension Scheme.

Let me try to make you see one of these villages as it was and as it is. The first great difference is in the village streets. Houses in an Indian village are made of dried mud, thatched with straw; the narrow ways between them used to be all ruts and puddles; trickles of blackish water would come from every house and lie in slimy pools; as you picked your way between them, clouds of flies and mosquitoes rose at every cautious step. This time I went through village after village where the streets had in the last few months been paved with brick, cambered slightly to rise in the centre and leave a con-

crete drain on either side. They were clean; they had been swept that morning. In one village a mile of these brick causeways had been done in the last year; the people of the village provide all the labour and half the price of the bricks. In another village £4,000 had been subscribed in one year for roads and schools and so on.

That is one aspect only of the effort. There are many others. An improvement in crops is perhaps the most important. The soil of this northern plain is fertile, the peasant is industrious. Where else in the world would you see a man weeding a field of wheat by hand and carrying home the weeds to feed to his bullocks? They have had two harvests a year from this land for thousands of years, but it does need something put back into it. Most of this northern plain is irrigated now, some by the canal network, some

from old-fashioned wells, some from tube wells. More water means bigger crops and more taken out of the soil—and more needs to be put back. The peasants have always had their own ways of renewing fertility. But today these traditional means are nothing like enough; new methods are needed.

All this has been known a long time. When I first went to India, nearly thirty years ago, we had all heard of Brayne in the Punjab, and many people in the Punjab today asked after him. We had all heard of Brayne and Village Uplift—an ugly phrase, but so are they all: Rural Development, Community Projects, Intensive Development; the fashionable name keeps changing. Brayne preached better living in the village, better living of all



Testing a winnowing machine made at the co-operative ironworks run by the people of Malikhedhi village, Madhya Pradesh

kinds. Better agriculture was one part of his teaching: steel ploughs instead of wooden, better seed, careful breeding of animals, making compost heaps outside the village, putting the cow-dung there instead of burning it, growing trees for fuel. With this went more ventilation in the houses, less money to be wasted in marriage-parties and litigation and silver ornaments, more spent productively on farming and education. He tried to get the girls to school and much besides. He made mistakes—he tried to persuade people to plough too deep, for instance; it's all right in England, but in the light Indian soils deep ploughing means loss of moisture by evaporation, and the microbes which keep the soil alive are destroyed by the blazing sun. The people who would not listen to him were right about that, though wrong about a dozen other things. Many people would not listen to him. Not only peasants, but administrators—Englishmen, people in the Government. A prophet is always mocked, he is always a nuisance. The tradition had always been that the English kept the peace, established law and order, stopped people killing and robbing each other, built canals, roads, and bridges; but did not try to change people's way of life. How often have I heard English officials talk on this kind of line: 'It's all very well to show the villagers an improved seed—something that pays him—he'll take to that in time. But try to persuade him to ventilate his house or not to burn cow-dung and you're beating the air; he's done it like that for thousands of years and he's not going to change for you and me'. I have said it myself. That was one reason why I think the time had come for us to go. Change was badly needed; and only one's own people can make social changes.

Disappearance of Five Years of Effort

Brayne, great man and prophet though he was, did not get the encouragement—to put it mildly—that he might have had. The criticism of what he was doing was right in one respect. He was generally on the right lines as to what was needed but had not discovered how to get people to take his ideas as their own. He spent years of immense effort in Gurgaon near Delhi and within a few years of his leaving the results had vanished. You wouldn't have known he'd been there. It was the same in the U.P. in 1937 when the Congress formed a ministry under Pt. Govind Ballabh Pant and tried to change the face of every village throughout the Province—which has a much bigger population than Great Britain—by putting into each village a young man who would persuade the villagers to do much the sort of thing Brayne had tried to get them to do.

Those young men were up against more than you would think. I reminded some of these villagers the other day what they had said when Coimbatore sugar-cane was introduced, a plant with four times the yield of the old local variety. The juice of it lay cold on their stomachs, they said; it would make them impotent and give them pneumonia. They said it took too much strength out of the ground. They know they were wrong; you see none of the old kind grown nowadays. It took time to persuade them even of anything as much to their benefit as that, though they were right in saying these improved sugar-canes and wheats drew strength from the ground—that is their phrase; left it weak, or poor. They said the same at first of chemical fertilisers; and it is true if you don't combine chemical fertilisers with some kind of organic manure every third year or so, or a leguminous crop, or both.

There was much prejudice to be overcome. In the social sphere—housing, education, keeping the streets clean—it is my belief that the Congress' first large-scale attempt in 1937 had no more effect than Brayne's in Gurgaon. It was still too much an effort from above, from outside, to get the villager to do something of which he did not really see the need himself. Now a new approach is beginning; the villagers are to be helped in the first place to see a need; once convinced of the need they will make suggestions of their own—resolve themselves on the course they want to take up—and then start doing it. This time it really does seem to be working. They do perceive the need, and now, as one of them said to me, it only needs a match and the fire is lighted.

I saw village after village with brick paving in the streets; there is also a tremendous effort going into roads between one

village and the next. Crops look much better than they used to; throughout these special areas I saw fields thick with wheat, over three feet high and a rich blue-green colour, where so often I remember a stunted yellowish crop not eighteen inches from the ground. Everywhere I found they were using chemical fertilisers, a wise rotation of crops, and ploughing in green manure. They knew the right time to put in fertiliser, how to relate it to irrigation and so on. Everywhere they were making compost heaps outside the village; they used to object that other people would steal their manure and they would rather keep it where they could see it, even if flies did bring cholera. They seemed eager for education, spending money themselves and getting grants from Government and local authorities; though, from what little I saw, teaching methods are still wooden and still tend to damp intellectual curiosity. But then teachers are often paid less than the messengers who carry letters to the post. Everywhere people told me they had enormously reduced the money wasted on litigation. In some villages they are beginning to build better houses and replace their very poor thatch with tiles.

I confess that I did have some suspicions about some of this. The crops there could be no doubt about, but I wondered whether all this brick paving had really been done willingly; whether the roads between villages would be repaired after the next rains; whether these local committees were really helping people to settle disputes. It sounds cynical, but I have so often seen things of this kind arranged by minor officials to please someone higher up in the official scale. If that is the case, of course it does not last; and I met people who made just that allegation. But, thinking it over, asking as many questions as I could, I came to the conclusion that, though the villagers will put some pressure on anyone who is idle, on the whole they have undertaken these works because they are convinced of the benefit to themselves. If any sort of compulsion had been used—well, there was an election just round the corner as I went through the villages; everyone has a vote and the remedy would be simple. But I must confess that I still wonder whether there has not been a little too much of the emotional drive, too continual special efforts—Village Uplift Week, Self Help Week, Clean Streets Week, and so on—and whether enthusiasm for repairs and maintenance may not die down somewhat later, particularly those roads between villages. I have wondered, too, whether there was not too much government money spent. Hard though the Government is trying to make this movement come from the people upwards, I felt in some areas that the note of authority was still there. It has been there for thousands of years. And it seemed to me that the block-development officer here and there was a little inclined to look on the village level worker as his subordinate in the old sense and impose his will on him and expect him to impose his on the villagers. When that is so, results are not likely to be lasting.

Special Areas

These special areas are of two kinds, Intensive Development Blocks and National Extension Scheme Blocks. Each block is about a hundred villages. The intensive blocks have a three-year programme, during which a great deal of money will be spent in the village and a great effort made. At the end of the three years there will still be a village level worker, but with twice as many villages to look after as before. There will be less money to be spent in the villages, but there will be some, the people themselves providing a bigger share. It is an enormous scheme; it involved, in the first five-year plan which has just finished, £100,000,000, and the villages of a quarter of India—which means some 80,000,000 people—are affected. It is intended to spread it over the whole country in the second five-year plan which is just beginning, and the cost will be at least another £200,000,000. It is so big a scheme, and it enters into so many departments of life, that I have had time to give only the barest outline. But I did have the impression in many villages of a new life and hope, a new eagerness to help themselves.

All the same, outside these special areas—and that is still three-quarters of the country—there is a good deal of dissatisfaction. Every Englishman who goes to India or Pakistan hears some grumbling. Is it justified? That is what I want to discuss next week.—*General Overseas Service*

Germans at School

By GEORGE C. ALLEN

FAR away across Lecture Hall B an understanding beard, a black one, wagged at me just in time. It was 1934. Week by week I had been telling my audience in this German university town something of how we lived in England. They came partly to hear English spoken, and partly because it was warm inside and cost nothing. And tonight my last term was nearly over; they deserved something extra special. So I devoted my lecture to British landladies and boarding houses, treating my theme in a suitably academic manner. I pigeonholed the landladies, the now extinct aspidistra, the umbrella stand, those Edwardian maidens in the picture frames, the fellow lodgers, and much more besides. To each its own deeply-rooted underlying *Weltanschauung*; from each its gossamer contribution towards my soaring ultimate theory. You will see how young I was. But my audience took it all in without a murmur; that was exactly what they were accustomed to. And then that one relenting beard wagged; someone smiled, realising that tonight, for a change, was comedy.

Too Respectful Docility?

How hard it is to come to grips with the humour and solemnity of another nation. Should we just leave my evening at that, explaining it in terms of those inexplicable differences between peoples and temperaments? My professor, a brave and wise man, had an answer when I ventured towards midnight to put his top hat on the bust of Voltaire in his library and he himself looked oddly like Voltaire, speaking. 'You English', he said, 'have always been oppressed by convention, so you've always had a sense of humour; we Germans are only just finding out what real oppression means, so don't be too hard on us if we are still a bit serious'. But looking back, I think the real trouble lay in what my professor himself would complain of, the tendency to be too respectful, too docile in the face of established authority.

Respect for authority is one thing, but this docility was something altogether different and more far reaching. It certainly seemed to prevail within the German educational system. The teacher, the headmaster, the professor were all so dogmatic:

As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'

And German young people seemed to be expected to listen and take in and learn so uncritically. The trouble lay partly in the stiffness of school work and particularly in the formidable examination called the *Abitur*, which you had to take at about the age of nineteen if you wanted to go on to college. To pass at quite an advanced level in anything from five to fourteen subjects (with an average of nine or ten) you were extremely dependent on your teacher's ability to feed you with selected information. In any case, the very excellence of the German respect for knowledge has inclined them to an excessive deference towards experts both at school and in later life. Not that the educational system was solely to blame; other countries, too, have had what to us may seem an equally intellectual approach to education, without coming to harm. But in Germany education seemed to reinforce and be reinforced by a more general tendency to submissiveness which goes back to the Thirty Years' War and beyond; if you are too obedient, too reasonable, there will be no lack of people to order you about.

You may remember the story of the relationship between the great scholar Faust and his poor assistant, Wagner, in Goethe's play. They are out for a walk at Easter, and Faust is thinking of the limitations of learning as he gazes down from a hill top at his confined little town. But poor Wagner thinks only of adding to his knowledge: 'I know so much and wish still to know all'. He is as naive as the peasants thanking this great scholar who condescends to share in their simple pleasures; even the strange poodle who heralds Mephistopheles suggests nothing odd

to him, except that a well-brought-up dog naturally wants to be an expert and a scholar too. Poor Wagner; a passion for knowledge is no security against evil when it comes.

Premium on Diligent Sponge-learning

Goethe was writing about 1770, at the beginning of the changes which gave Germany, early in the nineteenth century, a fully organised system of national education such as we did not achieve until 1944. In Prussia the great period of development comes just after the defeats by Napoleon and will always be associated with the name of that great man Wilhelm von Humboldt. Throughout the nineteenth century German scholarship was supreme; the system provided everything from the elementary school to the university, and with high standards. Matthew Arnold, for example, wanted to bring our independent public schools under public control on German lines, though Bismarck was to comment on the absurdity of German and British trying to copy each other's institutions. But as the century went on, there were signs of trouble to come. As knowledge increased, subject was added to subject, particularly in the secondary schools. A premium was placed on diligent sponge-learning: eyesight, posture, and judgement all suffered. But there were other and more disquieting signs; here, for example, is the Emperor speaking in 1889 about history teaching:

It is the business of the school to make greater efforts to further the recognition of what is real and what is possible in the world. Thus the young must learn that the teachings of Social Democracy are not only at variance with Divine commands and Christian morality, but are truly impracticable.

History teaching was reorganised accordingly.

From then on came in quick succession the later years of Wilhelm II's Empire, war, inflation (and after experiencing that the Germans are still wisely determined to avoid another), Hitler the second world war, and then absolute collapse. The Weimar Republic did encourage many efforts in the direction of change and reform, but it lasted too short a time; Hitler, with his hatred of intellectuals and scholarship, did not have enough time either. With a few notable exceptions it can hardly be said that German education showed much spirit of protest, either before 1933 (when a little resistance might have achieved a great deal), or later on when a vigorous underground resistance movement might have slowed things down. Certainly in 1945 the victorious allies were all convinced that German education was partly to blame for the part which Germany played in the three successive wars of 1870, 1914, and 1939, and all proposed to re-educate the German people.

Throwing Away the Old Boomerang

The allies did not achieve what they expected, for several good reasons. For one thing, each occupying power naturally wanted something different, so that ultimate agreement about the new pattern was lacking; for another the period of direct control in what is now the Federal Republic was short. In any case the destruction in 1945 was so great that people naturally rebuilt on traditional lines so as to save time. But there were deeper causes. The very concept of re-education itself was open to criticism, at least if western civilisation was to live up to its professed regard for ultimate human rights; a relationship in which one side does all the giving and the other side all the taking could not really be good for either. How could such a relationship solve a problem whose ultimate cause lay in lack of individual initiative? It is hard to change old traditions overnight; perhaps you remember the Australian aboriginal who was given a new boomerang and spent the rest of his life trying to throw the old one away. But one unexpected and very good thing did

happen: many members of the western occupying powers learned to work side by side with their German opposite numbers, with a new respect and understanding on each side. And what emerged was a new and important approach to the whole business of educational and cultural exchange.

Aspirin or Coffee?

This matters just because our strong and our weak points are so curiously complementary. A few years ago a psychologist confronted groups of German and English training-college students with various situations. In their responses the German students could clearly think more deeply than their English opposite numbers, who were too easily satisfied with the first idea that occurred to them; but the Germans thought too much in terms of their own selves, whereas English students did at least react in terms of other people too. I might add that when confronted with a prospective examination tomorrow for which they were not properly prepared the English students all said: 'We'll take aspirins and get a night's sleep first'; while the Germans said: 'We'll drink coffee and spend the night working'.

German schools, too, are different in kind from ours. Most of them seem happy and well run to an English eye. There is much to admire, such as the excellent teaching of modern languages, notably English. It is when he comes to consider the school as a community that an English visitor may be puzzled. For the German school is a place to work hard in for as long as may be necessary; it is not a place to live in or even play in. The playground will be small and unpaved even in a big school; you go to school early, and you come home at the end of the morning to dinner with your lessons behind and a pile of homework in front. There are no school meals, and if you play games you do not play them at school; you will probably join a local sports club. Thus the sense of community between teacher and taught is less than we should expect, and English boys and girls who visit a German school sometimes feel that the pupils need more sense of self-discipline.

Most pupils stay at elementary school until fourteen or fifteen; then they must still go for one day a week to a local day continuation school, as a rule until eighteen. The secondary school is rather a place apart, as once in England. Besides the *Gymnasium*, or grammar school, there is also the *Real Schule*, a kind of intermediate school with a leaving age of sixteen. Selection for secondary education is simple: the applicants are taken on trial for a few days, and the teachers accept those who seem able to manage the work; but, as with us, many leave before the end of the course. It is partly because of the homework and partly because of the fees that until now most *Gymnasium* students have come from the various professional classes. Nearly all pupils take nearly all subjects; the bias in any one *Gymnasium* lies mainly in the distance to which a particular subject is taken. Thus the massive curriculum does avoid our uneasy division between the arts and the sciences by simply including the lot. To us this seems to involve inflicting more on the pupil than he can digest. To make his mark in any profession or in industry the student must at least win acceptance to the university (including the famous technical universities) through passing the *Abitur*; there are none of the various professional and technical examinations which we have in England. The *Abitur* and the *Gymnasium* offer not so much the main road, as almost the only road, to success in higher education.

Changes since the Weimar Republic

There have been changes since Weimar days. Prussia has gone, but administration and curriculum are still very standardised. Fees for secondary education will soon have vanished; some large cities have been experimenting with universal secondary education more on the English model; efforts are being made to simplify and humanise the *Abitur*. But in spite of such changes, a pupil's education still seems thought of not so much in terms of his growth and development as of his ability to get through a prescribed chunk of subject matter at a particular stage. I remember a charming school in the country, thought to be very up to date, where the children were learning to read in small groups; but each group I found was at the same page of the same reader.

Of criticism and self-criticism there is plenty, and yet I doubt if the waters are really troubled as in England and America. The vital questions about the purpose of education put by such thinkers as Dewey, Whitehead, or Sir Richard Livingstone, just do not seem to be in the air to the extent that they are here. So too little practical regard is paid to the temperament, capacity, or stage of development of individual children; a premium is placed on the imparting of information by the teacher and on the absorbing of information by the pupil; initiative suffers, and so does the sense of community. You could make much the same criticisms of schools in many other countries, including our own, and many German schools do take account of individual needs. But my impression—for it is impression, not proof—of the continuing basic difficulties within German education still persists.

New Channels of Exchange

If such a picture bears any relation to the facts, what are the prospects of change? At first sight, not very great. Yet I believe that many Germans are beginning to ask the essential questions about education in their own way, though perhaps not in ours. The answers will depend mainly on what happens over the coming five or ten years. Reasonable prosperity and peace at home will make for an atmosphere in which the German people can develop the courage of new convictions; alarms or internal strife would have the opposite effect. It is for this reason that the new channels of exchange between children, young people, students, and teachers in Germany and their opposite numbers in other countries are so important; the new ideas are flowing in and some will take root on German soil. This kind of thing is going on all the time under the much more important-seeming surface events such as the election.

Exchanges are not the answer to everything, but it is not always realised that for most of the period between 1914 and 1945 the ordinary German was cut off from the flow of ideas and practice in the outside world. Certainly the Germans themselves are concerned to develop exchange in every way that they can, and it is a two-way traffic; such German virtues as the capacity for sheer hard work, the quality of their intellectual achievement at its best, and their practical regard for the fine arts are worth our taking to heart. Above all, there are signs in Germany of a new civic and personal courage. When, for example, in Lower Saxony a year or two ago an ex-nazi was appointed Minister of Education, it was the professors of Göttingen University who led the agitation which prevented the appointment from being confirmed. One or two examples of this kind between 1930 and 1932, and Hitler might never have seized power on a minority vote. Looking forward, I believe that if in their own way the Germans can succeed in combining the best of their old intellectual tradition with a better understanding of the right relationship between teacher and pupil, their success will be important for all of us. And they are more likely to succeed if we go out to meet them.

—Third Programme

Geophysical Poem

Here, no foothold is sure. Like huge water
The night sky flows overhead. The stars flicker.
The source of their faint radiance stands above them.
In that country the land is firm, the light is constant.

Orion hangs head down. The Dog Star's glazed look
Crosses heaven like a rabid beacon. The stiff Crab floats by.
I look for Polaris: and there, rounding its tiny circle,
My lodestar spins. All is flung in pieces, far flung.

Beneath me the cooling star-fragment I stand on
Prepares upheavals that will smash the man-fashioned stones
I prize the most, and cast the bones that upheld the men
I most admire into lava or the depths of a new sea.

RICHARD SELIG

Reflections on Linguistic Philosophy—II

The second of two talks by ERNEST GELLNER

IN my first talk* I tried to show why it is plausible, though ultimately incorrect, to suppose that the *Oxford English Dictionary*, or the kind of information found in dictionaries, contained the solution of philosophical problems. The argument for the dictionary ultimately boiled down to this: if some question is not about facts, about realities, it must be about our own concepts, about the apparatus with which we classify, describe, and explain realities. But this apparatus of concepts is embodied in our language: it is more than embodied in it, it is our language, for a language is far more than an assembly of sounds and marks, it is the rules and purposes governing the use of those signs. The outlook of linguistic philosophy makes the possession of concepts and ideas a natural activity or set of dispositions in the world, a way of life as it is sometimes put, rather than a mystery, rather than a non-natural correlate of the world, or the mystic camera which records but is itself never in the picture.

Promising Approach Frustrated

These were the reasons for concentrating on language, and they are weighty ones. There is nothing in them, however, to explain why actual natural language, in all its complexity and untidiness, should be the object of philosophic interest. One might plausibly prefer a schematic simplified language, deliberately created for the purpose. It was the newly developed notation of mathematical logic which seemed once to provide such a schematic substratum of language.

This promising approach, the hope of solving or obviating problems by restating them in a properly constructed schematic language, proved abortive. The amount of effort and distortion required to fit the complex issues arising from what we actually say into the simplified artificially constructed language, obscured far more than it illuminated.

I shall try to make this clearer. Leaving out the technicalities connected with the mathematical notation, which do not really matter much anyway, the key image underlying the picture of a schematic language is this: imagine the world as built up of a mass of independent facts, suitably called atomic facts. Imagine language similarly containing a mass of atomic or basic propositions, independent of each other and each tied to one atomic fact. These basic propositions are true in virtue of being thus tied to the atomic facts of the world; a basic proposition is false if it has no mate in the population of atomic facts.

But basic propositions do not exhaust our discourse. Most of the things we say, or which are said by scientists, are not reports on isolated atomic facts about the world. If they are meaningful, however, what must be happening, in terms of this schematic language, is that they are shorthand abbreviations or summaries of those atomic constituents; or alternatively, in the case of logic and mathematics, that they are purely formal, that they so to speak convey how the atomic facts can be arranged.

This doctrine and the whole programme of using a simplified scheme of what language may be like, is now abjured by linguistic philosophers. Indeed, the idea of an underlying homogeneity of speech (such as might be shown in a schematic or perfect language) is abjured not as an error but as *the* error. It is the differentiation of types of uses of words, not their similarity, which is held to be crucial for understanding philosophic problems and for understanding language. Philosophic generalities arose in the past from projecting on to the world alleged general forms of language: but language has no such *general* forms, and they must not be projected.

The idea is that philosophic muddles arose from the assumption that some one model of meaning applied to all kinds of expression irrespective of their use and context. But this assumption need only be made explicit to be seen to be doubtful. Once we no

longer make it but are prepared to observe our concepts, the manifold rules governing our numerous and variegated words, as they are actually used in life, we are free from the main source of error.

It is all a little like a new version of the old fable about the centipede. The first stage in the life of a centipede is when it moves about happily, unpuzzled by its own power of self-propulsion. (This corresponds to the stage in philosophy when thinkers are unworried about how they can meaningfully speak, and wander about in happy speculation instead.) The next stage in the life of a centipede with an enquiring turn of mind is reflection on how one can move: but, in view of the need for economy of hypothesis, the self-conscious centipede first concludes that it has only two legs. (This corresponds to the two-types-of-meaning-only stage in philosophy.)

But if you have hundreds of highly variegated legs, or types of uses of words, the theory that you only have two will sooner or later, probably sooner, lead you into trouble. Language as we use it is at least as complicated as the other activities of the human organism, and the other institutions of human society: probably much more so.

So we enter on the third stage, the traumatic discovery that the centipede has hundreds of legs, that communication is achieved in very many highly varied ways. The way we use words cannot be reduced to the two-stroke model of first ticking off facts and secondly recording formal calculations. The vast number of entries in the dictionary, the numerous types of words that we employ, all have their own peculiar roles.

It may seem that to describe the movement as insisting on the very great variety of uses of words is inconsistent with an earlier claim, namely that the idea of two-kinds-of-truth-only underlies the doctrine. But both statements are true: the latter idea underlies the practice of concentrating on the 'higher lexicography' and justifies it in general, whilst the former describes what is actually done with the contents of the dictionary. The existence of these two levels is not without its advantages for those who shift from one to the other according to which is just then under attack.

Now that we know this, what shall we do? This is indeed the question. One possibility is to say that the discovery of the great variety of linguistic function put an end to philosophising. We use language in many ways. If a problem arises which the scientists with their fact-finding techniques cannot deal with, what else is there other than to reflect on how we use the puzzling concept, about what the rules are governing the use of the relevant word—and hey-presto, there can be no problem left. How could there be? We have come to the end.

The Night-watchman Theory

If anything is left for philosophy to do, it is the provision of people skilled in telling the various linguistic uses from each other, and imbued with a deep sense of their variety, who can be called in to locate the relevant puzzling locution and exhibit its idiosyncrasy. This idea might be called that of the night-watchman philosophy. Just as the old notion of the night-watchman state says that the state must prevent occasional trouble but has no positive function of its own, so this theory of philosophy leaves it no positive role, only requiring it from time to time to set things right when some of the concepts start tripping each other up.

The other possibility is to say that now that we know about the varieties of words, we shall really get cracking; or at least we shall get cracking when we know more about how the words work. And *where* shall we get cracking? That is not very clear either. We shall either philosophise better than we did before we knew about the multiplicity of types of concepts, or we shall start a

(continued on page 240)

NEWS DIARY

August 7-13

Wednesday, August 7

Covent Garden Market workers reject proposals to end strike

French Cabinet agrees on budget proposals for coming year, including big economy measures

Sultan of Muscat's forces, supported by British troops, advance towards rebel headquarters of Nizwa

Transport Tribunal agrees that some fares should be increased in London area

Thursday, August 8

2,000 London dockers vote to continue strike

Mr. Khrushchev addresses special session of East German Parliament in Berlin

Driving licences to be issued for periods of three years instead of one

Friday, August 9

More than half the emergency regulations in Cyprus are withdrawn

Foreign Office confirms reports of Russian shipments of arms to the Yemen

Nearly 1,000 more men stop work at London docks

Saturday, August 10

Shackleton bombers go into action against rebels in Oman for first time

Attempt by rescue parties to reach climbers stranded on the Eiger mountain in Switzerland fails

Yorkshire branches of National Association of Colliery Overmen accept recommendation on employment of Hungarians in the pits

Sunday, August 11

Sultan of Muscat's forces enter rebel headquarters at Nizwa

French Finance Minister announces measures aimed at safeguarding the franc

Airliner flying from Britain to Canada crashes near Quebec with loss of seventy-nine lives

U.S.A. beats England in Wightman Cup by six matches to one

Monday, August 12

Lord Cohen to preside over new Council on Prices, Productivity, and Incomes

London dock strike spreads

French bank rate raised from four to five per cent.

Trial of twelve men accused of plotting against Colonel Nasser begins in Cairo

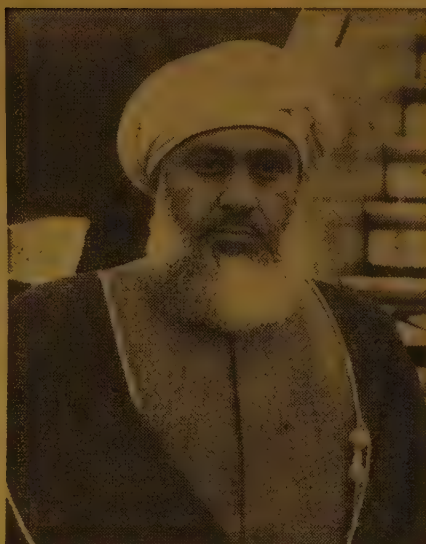
Tuesday, August 13

Strikers at Covent Garden to be recommended to return to work

8,000 men on strike in London docks

10,000 transport workers on strike in Lodz, Poland

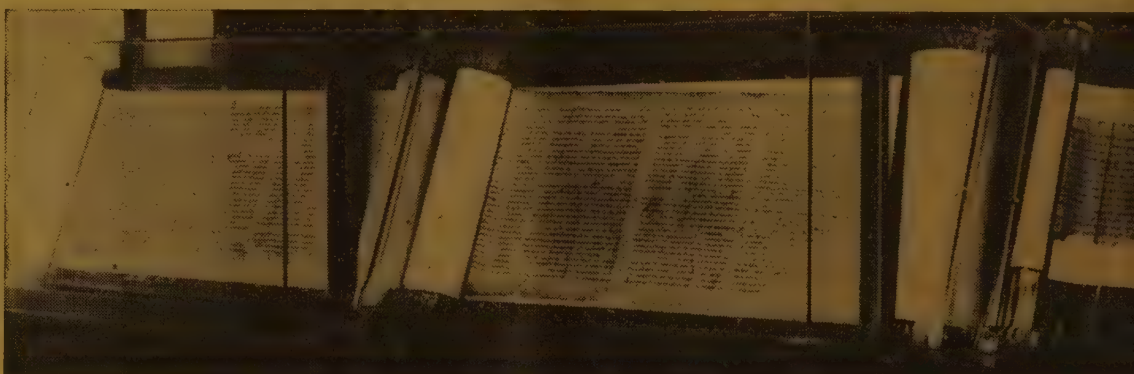
Shipbuilding and engineering unions to demand a forty-hour week



The Sultan of Muscat and Oman who is receiving the assistance of British forces in putting down a rebellion in his territory. On August 11, after his forces had entered the rebel headquarters at Nizwa, the Sultan expressed his deep appreciation of the 'scale and speed of the support' provided by the British forces



M. Felix Gaillard, the French Finance Minister (left), photographed before the French Cabinet on August 7 after they had agreed to his proposal for a loan amounting to 600,000,000,000 francs (£600,000,000), in his country's budget. With him is M. Maurice Bourges-Manoury, the French Minister of the Economy



Some of the 2,000-year-old Dead Sea Scrolls which are now on exhibition to the public for the first time at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem



Competitors taking part in one of the first day's races in the Serpentine Regatta, Hyde Park, London, on August 12

*Country Life*

Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire, which, with its contents, Hardwick Park, and eight major works of art from the collection at Chatsworth, has been accepted by the Treasury in part settlement of death duties on the estate of the tenth Duke of Devonshire, who died in 1950. Hardwick Hall, which was built between 1590 and 1597, will probably be transferred to the National Trust



Mr. Dyfnallt Morgan (of the B.B.C. staff at Bangor) receiving the Bardic crown for his play in verse from the Arch-Druid at the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales at Llangefni, Anglesey, last week



A motorist using one of London's first parking meters which have been installed in a car park near Marble Arch



The sheer north face of the Eiger mountain in Switzerland, where two Italian and two German climbers were stranded for over a week. The arrow indicates the position of three of them (the other climber was roped to a rock at a lower level). After repeated attempts by rescue parties, one of the climbers was brought to safety last Sunday; the others are presumed dead

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new science of language and meaning. The alternatives are whether one is to see linguistic philosophy as the euthanasia of philosophy (logical positivism tried to be its execution), or whether it is prolegomena to a better philosophy, or whether it is prolegomena to a new science of language.

The vacillation between these alternatives is not merely a matter of indecision but also of convenience. The idea that the discovery of the multiplicity of the roles of words and their natural status in the world ends philosophy and terminates the illusion that there are deep and mysterious questions, is what makes linguistic philosophy interesting, provocative, and original, and what gives it its appeal. On the other hand, the threatened termination of all kinds of characteristically philosophical preoccupations violates many powerful psychologically vested interests, many of them represented within the souls of the linguistic philosophers themselves: some of them are religious men, others are keen on political justice, and so on: and such things have always been intimately connected with philosophic issues. When facing these vested interests—and indeed they are justifiably vested—linguistic philosophers switch from claiming to be the Last Judgement on philosophy to being merely the advance announcement of a new era. All these things will fare even better under the new dispensation, they promise—just give us a little time to get clear about those varieties of words...

Indefinite Filibuster

In practice, however, anyone propounding anything other than this programme is faced with a fork; any generalised theoretical approach is excluded *a priori*; let us study our linguistic habits instead. But if we do that, if we do begin with a careful examination of our actual speech habits in relation to the relevant terms, the only thing which is allowed to count as the successful termination of such an enquiry is a set of observations about usage showing that there really was no problem there at all: we use words in certain ways, that is all, and once we see just how we do use them no difficulty can be left. But as some problems do not, in fact, yield solutions to this treatment, whilst at the same time no solution counts which is not reached in this way, linguistic philosophy becomes, with regard to these recalcitrant problems, a kind of indefinite filibuster. The examination of usages goes on, without achieving anything but obstructing other kinds of attempts; in the end it is pursued for its own sake.

In as far as there is an argument behind the night-watchman theory of philosophy, it is one based on the assumption of the impotence of thought. The argument is that no substantive discoveries, no real problems, could conceivably be open to those who merely think, those who do not experiment or calculate. This argument from impotence crops up over and over again. It is itself based on a scarcely conscious but highly arguable model of human knowledge. Linguistic philosophers like to say about others that obsessional simplified models underlie their theories; but the boot is on the other foot. Physician, heal thyself.

For there is a key obsessional image here—the image of an, in principle, unmysterious world.

In forcing evidence to fit this preconceived mould, linguistic philosophers have committed as many absurdities, have propounded as many unconvincing, verbal-browbeating kind of arguments, as earlier philosophers had when they tried to fit untidy facts into some edifying world-picture. Some of the things linguistic philosophers say are so odd that we must seek the compulsive motive that is responsible (as linguistic philosophers themselves think that the motive must be found, in their diagnoses of traditional philosophers). Indeed we find it easily, in their model of a necessarily unproblematic world.

There are technical objections to this philosophy, some of which I have indicated in my first broadcast; but the real and decisive weakness, which can be stated untechnically, is that it is a great evasion of all problems. This is a philosophy which prejudices everything by assuming in advance that there are no real problems, by allowing nothing to count as a solution other than a demonstration from the use of words that all the fuss had been about nothing.

Traditional Task

Traditional philosophers had conceived their task something as follows: they took something or other as self-explanatory or final, for instance sense data or substance, and then tried to explain the universe in terms of it. The ultimate and the self-explanatory for linguistic philosophers is different: it is ordinary things as ordinarily conceived, plus man using plain language in his daily world. From these two ingredients, speech and its daily context, the attempt is made not to explain or build up the universe, but to explain how philosophic problems, or, as they are characteristically called, puzzlements, can arise: and, by thus explaining them, to dissolve them.

This is ingenious. The ingredients employed are so commonsensical and straightforward that the illusion is created that nothing is presupposed at all; that we are really starting with an open mind. But this is not so. These ingredients do presuppose that there is nothing problematic about the world as commonly conceived. But there is a good deal to be puzzled by. In a sense the ordinary conception of things is necessarily unproblematic—but only in the trivial sense; for there is a kind of outlook which, from laziness or stupidity, is not puzzled even if something is puzzling. Or, alternatively, the outlook can be made trivially true if we insist on the fact that, in a sense, mystery or problems can never be in things as such but only in what we think about them. We might be prepared perhaps to forgive this philosophy for prejudging issues in this way if it were successful. But it is not. Its dissolution of crucial problems is only programmatic.

Thus the great strength of the movement is also its greatest weakness. The key idea which revolutionised our outlook, namely the seeing of thought in language and language as a natural activity amongst others, a way of life—this idea also tacitly prejudices all issues by taking this world in which language occurs for granted, assuming that it is as it seems. But philosophy is precisely the asking of whether the general features of the world are what they seem. If indeed they are, and if it makes no sense to wonder about them, then let it be said openly rather than smuggling it in as an opera-

tional rule of an allegedly neutral technique.

But apart from the general charge of avoiding all issues, there is a variety of specific, practical objections to the philosophy as an attitude and outlook.

The usual objection made to this philosophy from outside is that it corrupts youth. My own objection is the opposite. Here is a philosophy which does not corrupt anyone, which could not corrupt a flea. The young can do with a little corruption, a little stimulation, some suggestion that things might be other than they seem: instead, they are presented with a philosophy which, with the utmost self-confidence, assures them that general ideas are all of them suspect, that their very generality condemns them, that truth lies only in the obvious and the meticulous. Many movements feel one-up on their opponents, but linguistic philosophy is essentially the movement of one-upness. For it presents no rival views, but merely sees itself specially appointed to show others the errors of their views.

The platitudinous view is held to be always and *ex officio* correct. This really might be called the Higher Philistinism. This doctrine is the soporific, the tranquilliser of the intellectuals. The constipated view is ever and necessarily right. Such bromide does not corrupt anyone, though it certainly makes them exceedingly dull.

What in a way the movement amounts to, as an atmosphere in education, is a new style of thought, a new valuation of clarity and a new conception of what clarity is. Its protagonists sometimes speak as if the criteria of clarity were absolute, but in fact clarity is in the mind of the beholder; and they have introduced a new set of criteria for it. What these criteria amount to is an intense distrust both of general ideas and of argument: observation of usage and of what people say is considered more relevant than sustained argument, and this observation is held to be successful if it shows that there is nothing to argue about. Progress in philosophy is conceived of not as knowing more but as being taken in less. Cleverness is displayed not by understanding much, but by claiming *not* to understand.

Heritage from Wittgenstein

Despite this high official valuation of clarity there is nevertheless a great deal of obscurity in the work of the movement. This is partly a by-product of forcing everything into the mould of an unmysterious world containing a complex language which alone muddles; but partly also a heritage from the work of the founder of the movement, Wittgenstein. The writings of Wittgenstein in their obscurity are a kind of *Finnegans Wake* of philosophy. We all know Karl Marx's famous remark, which many men who founded movements must have echoed: '*Moi, je ne suis pas Marxiste*'. Wittgenstein's obscurity was in part the result of infinite pains to make sure that he need never say '*Moi, je ne suis pas Wittgensteinien*'. So as not to be misleading, above all so as not to provide quotable warrants for misunderstanding, he preferred to remain obscure and never to be fully explicit. The crucial points were often insinuated rather than stated. Like Carlyle (though for different reasons) he preached silence, and like Carlyle he failed to practise it. But he made a more genuine if still unsuccessful attempt at it, and the result of his peculiar compromise between silence and revelation was a new style and range of interest

in philosophy, a style which, made repetitive by others, has become disastrous. It is said that he who wishes to make angels ends by making beasts. It certainly appears that they who want clarity above everything end in great mystification.

It is sometimes said that medieval scholastic philosophy is dull, its conclusions being prescribed for it by religion before the enquiry even begins. Linguistic philosophy is dull in a similar way, for its conclusions, common sense, are also predetermined for it. At best there may be some surprise in the way of reaching them—but never in the conclusions themselves. This is openly admitted and indeed stressed. 'Philosophy ends in platitude', they say. For a linguistic philosopher it is axiomatic that the

universe can have no surprise for him; only language may.

One might add that though this claims to be a philosophy of sound common sense and of ordinary language, in reality sound common sense needs to be protected from the *philosophy* of Common Sense. When Common Sense acquires a capital C and a capital S, it ceases to have anything commonsensical about it. Greater oddities are asserted in its name than were asserted by those who were never self-consciously preoccupied with it. This revolt of common sense, under such auspices, is rather like a proletarian rebellion led by renegade aristocrats. Incidentally, there is one thing we virtually never do in ordinary language, and that is to appeal to ordinary language to settle issues.

Linguistic philosophy is not really non-technical, as it claims to be: it has merely turned non-technicality into a special and self-conscious technique.

Seen in the context of contemporary dilemmas of educational policy, it is equally unfortunate. The origin of this philosophy is certainly connected with the tension between the two cultures, the scientific and the humanist: the drive behind the movement is a desire to provide philosophy, a humanist subject, with a rationale and a practice which satisfy the criteria of a science-worshipping age. But, in fact, linguistic philosophy has only managed to shed the richness, the stimulatingness of a literary education, without acquiring the rigour, the effectiveness, the realism of science. It loses on both counts.

—Third Programme

The African Renaissance

(continued from page 224)

engaged in a struggle for civil liberties rather than to those Englishmen who assert the Divine Right of Europeans.

I hope I have interpreted Richard Wright fairly. He thinks aloud so much, and adds so many footnotes to himself, that it is not always easy to be sure of his meaning. But I think that the burden of his paper on 'Tradition and Industrialisation' is that he, as an American Negro, stands firmly rooted in what are generally called 'western' values: the secular state; the free circulation of ideas; the right of protest; the autonomy of art; science as a liberating force; human persons as ends in themselves, and so forth. These values, though constantly denied by the West in its dealings with Asia and Africa, have now been taken over by the new Asian and African *élites*, and are beginning to be applied to their own local situations. Thus they are ceasing to be 'western' values, and becoming simply human.

What follows? Is the intellect of African man forced to choose—as Césaire puts it—'either to discard our inherited civilisation as childish, inadequate, historically out-of-date, or, in order to preserve our cultural inheritance, to barricade ourselves against European civilisation and reject it . . . to choose either loyalty and backwardness or progress and betrayal?' M. Césaire—a Marxist deputy from Martinique, and a remarkable poet—regards the idea of such a choice as unreal. The present situation of African culture, as he depicts it, is depressing: colonisation has shattered beyond repair the beautiful equilibrium described by M. Senghor, and left in its train a new barbarism—'islands of bogus traditionalism, occasional human 'zoos', to divert the tourist or interest the anthropologist, among a waste of pseudo-westernised men, the new *cocacolumbés* (a nice French expression), living in a 'cultural undergrowth' that has grown up among the ruins of the old civilisation.

The solution, for M. Césaire, lies in Africans refusing to say 'No' either to inherited ideas and attitudes or to acquired European values, but to draw selectively upon both. But before Africans can set about this task of reconstruction, they must recover the historical initiative. Subject peoples cannot perform the needed act

of synthesis. An African renaissance presupposes the political liberation of Africans.

I want to end by making three comments—comments which occurred to me, a European, a privileged eavesdropper, after listening to these Africans, West Indians, and American Negroes discussing their own absorbing problems among themselves. First, I find myself wanting to ask: 'What is it likely to involve, this new synthesis, when you have recovered the historical initiative and set about making it?' I know the correct answer: that it is not for writers and artists to try to predict the future culture of Negro Africa: this is a question which can be answered only in practice. But I doubt if it is the whole answer. Most of those present at the conference would, I think, agree that they wished to retain, though in a new form, this strongly developed African sense of community, expressed in dance, in age-sets, in village democracy.

What, on the other hand, about traditional religion—'animism'—which has provided the sanctions for this sense of community? M. Paul Hazoumé, of Dahomey, who is a specialist in these matters, when questioned had no doubts: 'The future of animism?' he said, 'What will happen will be what has happened already in western Christianised Europe. Part will disappear. Part will survive as magic. And that is all'. On the question of language, too, there are ideas in circulation: not only the point that certain African languages should be given special attention, and developed as national languages; but also the interesting suggestion, thrown out by M. Senghor, that the historical relationship between ancient Egypt and the peoples of Africa might well justify substituting ancient Egyptian for Latin and Greek as a classical language. It seems to me inevitable and right that such questions should be raised, even if they cannot yet be answered.

Second, I find myself asking: How relevant is this kind of very sophisticated discussion to the interests of ordinary Africans, or, if you like, ordinary educated Africans? Naturally those who, like Senghor, Césaire, or Alioune Diop, have sucked in French techniques of thought almost with their mothers' milk, have a marvellous gift for impassioned philosophising. British West Africans, brought up in a quite different intellectual discipline, tend to re-

act to it rather as Hume reacted to Rousseau. But, beneath the obvious differences of style and language, there is, I am sure, an important common interest in the central questions raised at this conference: What is there of enduring value in our African traditions? What do we need to take over from Europe and adapt to our purposes? What can we afford to discard? For many Africans these are much more pressing issues than some of the rather dusty questions that are often posed over here, such as: 'Can these people run a rural district council efficiently?' 'Can they maintain a non-political Civil Service?' 'Can they play the parliamentary game according to our rules?' Questions of this kind tend to make the mistake of assuming that free Africans will want to go on imitating us. On the evidence of this conference, that is not the case.

Finally, what are the implications for us of the conference, and of all the ferment that produced it and that it has produced? I think it is one sign, among many others, of the new, much more interesting, phase which relations between Europeans and Africans are now entering. For centuries we lived in virtual isolation from one another: occasionally a remarkable character from the one world would penetrate the other. Then came the period of European domination—first through the slave trader, later through the colonial system—with the curious twisted racial ideas which were its intellectual counterpart. Only recently we have begun to enjoy the stimulus of Africa, principally through its music, its dances, its plastic arts. How much we will gain when this diversity of gifted peoples—the Wolof and the Bambara, the Yoruba and the Fulani, the Bakuba and the Baluba, the Banyarwanda and the Baganda—with their diversity of insights and capacities, and their common negritude, cease altogether to be regarded as the inhabitants of an ethnological museum, and are free to live and operate and speak in the same world as ourselves. I find it an exciting prospect.—Third Programme

A new edition of *Chapman's Homer* in two volumes is now available from Routledge and Kegan Paul at 63s. the set. Edited by Professor Allardyce Nicoll, Volume I presents the original (1611) text of the 'Iliad', Volume II, the original text of the 'Odyssey' (1614-15) and the Lesser Homeric.

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

A PAINTING by Pieter Lastman which has just been given to the National Gallery by Mr. Julius Weitzner of New York fills an important gap in the collection of Dutch masters, for this artist has hitherto not been represented in any of our national museums. Rembrandt was apprenticed to Lastman for no more than six months when he was still a very young man, but during this brief period his early style and manner were formed, and for years to come the influence of his master is everywhere apparent in his work.

It is indeed extraordinary, as the National Gallery's new picture shows, how much Rembrandt got from Lastman. The picture represents Juno discovering Jupiter's association with Io, in spite of the fact that he has just taken what might be thought the perfectly adequate precaution of turning his mistress into a white cow. As in Rembrandt's earliest works, and especially those painted when he was working in Leyden, the mixture of Dutch realism and the grand historical

style of the Roman school has a strange and almost preposterous effect; even Juno's peacocks, as righteously indignant as the goddess herself, are more like petulant fowls of the farmyard than gorgeous birds of the East.

Evidently it was from Lastman that Rembrandt derived what often seems the disconcerting taste of his first manner and the curious lack of humour that at this time appears in his narrative style; no great master, it may be thought, ever had worse taste than Rembrandt at the beginning of his career or better taste than he developed at the end, and in the same way though he began as a curiously clumsy storyteller—one may instance his very early painting of Balaam and the ass—he eventually became the most subtle of all illustrators. Lastman's picture also shows where Rembrandt learned his use of fat and juicy paint to emphasise the solidity of the forms; the two artists even had at this period a very similar mannerism in their handwriting. At the same time Lastman's grasp of form is admirable, and in this Rembrandt had every reason to be grateful for his example.

There are some excellent works in an exhibi-

tion at Tooth's Gallery, 'Corot to Picasso'. The more interesting of the two Corots is no doubt 'Enfants Jouants dans la Rivière'. It is a later work, painted in 1870, and the landscape background is hazy and diffuse, the sort of thing that Corot could almost do in his sleep, but the small boy in the foreground is a most beautiful piece of figure painting and a marvel of shrewd observation. This was one of those moments



'Juno discovering Jupiter with Io', by Pieter Lastman, which has just been given to the National Gallery

which occurred at intervals right to the end of Corot's life when something caught his attention and he forgot his formula for picture-making; when this happened he showed that in old age he could paint more exquisitely than ever before.

Millet's 'Laitière Normande' is a darkish picture, slightly sentimentalised, but with an extraordinary assurance in the firm drawing of the body. A painting by Monet of willows standing in a flood looks at first sight extremely slight, but the momentary vision is so sharply recorded that it puts to shame the more finished works by minor impressionists like Maufray or Guillaumin which are included in the exhibition. Renoir's small landscape, 'La Prairie', also looks a trifle, but for all that the space and the structure of the ground are realised with all the certainty of a highly experienced master. The Picasso is an interesting work though hardly an important one, a portrait of Dora Maar; one may suspect that in spite of the gross and manifest distortion of the features it has some sort of likeness to the sitter.

Gallery One, which is in D'Arbly Street, off Wardour Street, has a summer exhibition which

is composed entirely of paintings and sculpture by artists who have previously held one-man shows there; consequently it gives a good idea of what sort of art this gallery encourages, not without intrepidity. Mr. Douglas Swan's 'Man with Fishing Net', a very nearly abstract picture, is remarkable for the professional assurance with which the rich paint is handled. Mr. Enrico Baj, an Italian artist, paints with a

curious mixture of styles. His highly simplified figures have something of Miró's capricious wit and there is some subtlety in the way they are placed on the canvas, but they have been subjected to a surface decoration that resembles the skeins and loops of paint squeezed out by the artists known as 'tachistes'. Miss Elizabeth Frink shows an impressive 'Study for Head of a Warrior', a work designed to be cast in bronze, which has a good deal of the fierce vitality she is able to give to animal forms.

At the Artists' International Association there is also a summer exhibition, but this is a miscellany with works as

various as Mr. Julian Trevelyan's engaging and tasteful still life of tomatoes and Miss Prunella Clough's severe, 'correct', and professionally finished 'Landscape by Gasworks'. A rather *fauve* painting of York Minster by Mr. E. Shoolheiser should also be noticed.

'Britain in Watercolours', an exhibition at the R.W.S. Galleries, is organised by the Art Exhibitions Bureau and a committee which includes Sir William Russell Flint and the presidents of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours and the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. Here more than 300 pictures illustrate a world of safe subjects and recall the calm, the moderation, and the refinement of the English drawing-room. Almost every water-colour displays some immediately recognisable and identifiable stylistic device or technical dexterity which has been carefully developed and matured, sometimes, no doubt, to the point of becoming a tiresome mannerism. To those who concern themselves with the larger movements of European art this is, of course, a backwater, but the exhibition reveals how many there are who still swim and support themselves in it.

A Visit to the Ballet

By GWEN DUNN

THERE had been no one in sight as I crossed the playground, but before I had hung up my coat, a breathless Peter dashed into the room.

'Mornin', Mis' Dunn'. He dragged off his beret and shoved it inside his jacket. 'Mis' Dunn . . . one o' them tortses is a-tryin' to git out. 'At's hully crashin' about. I reckon at's Tom'.

I was unpacking my case as he spoke. I put on the desk with all the other Monday morning paraphernalia the little bundle of pink tickets which I had bought that weekend. Peter lingered, silently inviting me to explain that unfamiliar pink bundle.

'They're tickets for the ballet', I told him. 'Cor!' Uncomprehending, he went off to deal with Tom.

* * *

Guiltily I looked at the tickets; tortises . . . yes, a good buy; tickets for the ballet, and expensive tickets at that, I was not sure about. A belated sense of duty therefore made my explanation of the pink tickets somewhat austere. The children clustered round me after prayers, listening and looking at the pictures of ballet dancers I held.

'Don't nobody say nuthin'?' David's voice was challenging; how could there be a story without words?

'Ho. . . . 'At's jes music and dancin', ain't it Mis' Dunn? I see a bally on television'.

'O yeah. . . . 'Ere was a lady and she 'ad on a little short skirt 'at stuck right out . . . and she goo right up on her toes'. Critically, David watched Jane wobble on the toes of her square-ish, lace-up shoes.

'At's lovely', she announced, and it was obvious that all the girls believed her.

'Will they wear the same dresses all the time?' Elisabeth asked.

'When will we goo?' John intended to see this bally for himself.

'Well, the tickets are for Wednesday afternoon, in ten days' time, but I'm not sure that we're going yet, you know'.

The little group was suddenly very still.

'Why can't we goo?' Simon sounded fierce. Then: 'Oo', he added, clapping his hand to his mouth, 'At's school!'

'No, not that', I said. 'We'd be allowed to go, but the tickets are expensive and there isn't enough in the school fund to pay for them and for a bus to take us. So you must ask your parents and tell me tomorrow if they'd like you to go'.

'I c'n goo. I cleaned out me Dad's shed Satdy and he gimme half a crown. I got me own money'.

'So've I. I got ten shillun fer me birthday and I ony spent sixpence'.

'Me Nanna'll gimme the money. She usually do . . . well . . . ef she c'n afford it'.

'I reckon we c'n all goo, Mis' Dunn', said David as they took out their sum books.

He was right, of course; some of them

brought their money that same afternoon.

'I wonder if you'll like it, George?', I said as he struggled into his coat before going home.

'I d'nno', he said. Then his face suddenly became eager. 'Are we gooin' in a bus to ourselves?'

'Of course, if enough of you want to go'.

'Hurray!'

I told them the story of 'Coppélia' and I had no doubt that the girls, at least, would enjoy it. They had listened with rapt attention, and every now and then I would find a few of them in the porch, in the playground, in the classroom after school, balancing precariously on the tips of their plimsoles until the pain brought them down again.

'Cor . . . them gels!' David too had one day found them. He loped past Jane and Mary, his hands well down in his trouser pockets, and strode homewards across the playground. And the other boys affected to share his contempt. Then, at four o'clock, two days before the planned excursion, when I made a final journey to the shed to see that the tortises really were hibernating, I found Peter and David and Simon still in the playground. David's hands were on Peter's shoulders; Simon stood back watching while David made vigorous attempts to balance on the tips of his wellingtons.

'I can't do ut', he said seriously, exasperated.

'You need special shoes, you know; ballet dancers have them'.

They had not heard me come and my voice made them jump. Scarlet-faced with effort, David stood foot-firm again. His failure now seemed to him an honourable one. 'What are tha like?' he demanded.

I told them, and they went home.

'You gels ain't doin' at right. You gotta hev lumps o' stuff in your toes for you c'n git up proply . . . ain't ya, George?'

'Yeah. . . . Course!' said George.

It was playtime the next morning. Triumphant the other boys followed David into the playground and left the girls arguing and wobbling in the porch.

'Cor . . . them gels!' shrilled eight-year-old Rodney.

* * *

At ten minutes to two we were ready.

We walked, a self-conscious little crocodile, the twenty yards to the gate, but there the tremendous self control they had been practising in preparation for their visit to a big town gave way. They flung themselves into the bus, greeting the driver hilariously, packed themselves unnecessarily close into the seats, and, by the time I had climbed, last, into the bus, they were sitting rigid, gripping the backs of the seats in front of them, waiting. The bus spluttered into life. We were off; and the twenty still, seated figures shot up from their seats and pressed their faces to the nearest window. The village street, familiar to them as their own hands and feet, was now at two o'clock on a weekday—a school day—strangely exciting.

'Ere's our house'.

'Ere's me Mum. Look, me Mum!' Alice's voice was full of delighted astonishment. 'Mis' Dunn, I see me Mum', she said.

Now we were out of the village and on the winding, narrow road which leads to the nearest big town, ten miles away. Torn between their desire to see everything through the back window and a fearful hope that we might meet another vehicle where the road was too narrow for us to pass, the boys made brave attempts to live up to the occasion.

'We gotta sit down and not be too noisy'. Simon settled himself piously against the back seat.

'Ere's a combine!'

'Where?' And the back seat was empty again.

There was a tiny pause while everyone appraised the combine; Elisabeth's slow voice fell into the silence: 'I see some sheep along this road Satdy'.

'Cor: where?'

'How many was there?'

Stolidly, she answered their questions, and then to my amazement, quiet, placid little Elisabeth, as we turned left at the crossroads, suddenly let out a yell which would have done credit to Tony: 'There y'are. There's them sheep. I told ya!'

They stared through the bus windows, now speckled with fine rain, at a collection of grey lumps on a slope about a hundred yards from the road. Jane turned to me, delighted. 'We see some sheep, Miss Dunn', she said.

* * *

We passed the first traffic lights, the first policeman; there were now only quiet murmurs in the bus; we were in a town. Buses, the railway, the river, another policeman. They looked with fierce concentration at everything. Just beyond the big cinema which was our destination, the bus stopped. Decorously they alighted and made their little crocodile importantly along the pavement beside the bus. Then the familiar brown bus went away and the crocodile dissolved into a close group. A party of sixth-form girls in uniform trooped neatly up the steps through the big central door of the cinema.

'At's a nice uniform, an't it?'

'Yeah'. Jane had voiced a general admiration.

'Go in now', I said, deciding to follow rather than lead: they suddenly seemed much smaller than usual. 'Wait for me inside the door'.

And before I could prevent them Simon and Mary had plunged up the steps and disappeared, not through the central door, but into the revolving side door. I waited. At last, when Elisabeth, her face solemnly intent, had revolved twice and emerged, I rejoined the hilarious little group in the foyer.

'Coo . . . we 'ad some fun', gurgled John.

* * *

To our delight our seats were in the two back rows downstairs; they were tip-up seats. After a struggle, a flushed and giggling Sally turned helplessly to me. 'Mis' Dunn, when I sit down, at goo up and I can't sit down', she said.

The violins began to send soft 'A's and 'E's across the big audience of school children.

'At's the orchestra', John told me tensely over his shoulder.

And just as the house lights began to dim, Simon leaned urgently towards me: 'Mis' Dunn, you see that lil black box where 'at say "Exit"? I reckon at's a loud speaker'.

Then the curtain rose.

'Cor!' they said.

From that moment until the end of Act I, not a head moved. Once or twice I looked stealthily along the line. Jane's bow had come off and the little tail of bobbed hair hung to her chin. Now and then, the ribbon screwed up in her hand, she shoved back the hair impatiently, but her eyes never left the stage.

There was a great sigh as the curtain fell, and then with all the rest, their eyes shining, they clapped until their hands stung.

'Cor . . . at's jest like a proper village an't it?'

'Did you see the old clock in the church tower?'

'Yeah . . . at's jest like a real clock'.

'I reckon that stage manager, he done them paintin's good, Mis' Dunn'.

Sally looked from speaker to speaker, incredulous. 'That warn't jest paintin'', she said indignantly. Then, 'Is at, Mis' Dunn?' she added uncertainly.

Act II delighted them, the boys especially; they had expected to like this 'bally' but it had never occurred to them that it could be funny. David rocked on his seat, hugging himself with pleasure as he waited impatiently for Act III to begin.

'At hully make ya laugh', he chortled.

'Cor, yeah. At old man. Did you see him?'

'Yeah, the way he walk . . . and when he git wild . . . cor he's good'.

'D'ya reckon he'll come on again?'

'I reckon'.

'The others is good though. Cor, at's beginnin'.

And just as the curtain began to rise on Act III Mary whispered: 'I want it to begin, but if at begin, then at'll be over—and that's a pity'.

'Yeah', agreed Jane softly, leaning forward to hear and see everything . . . everything.

Then it was over. We waited in the grey drizzle for the brown bus, saying little, hovering uncertainly between the two strange worlds

of the theatre and the big town. Then we were in the bus, observers again, and on the familiar road home.

'Did you like it, Jane?'

Her face was still flushed and her eyes brilliant as they had been in the theatre. 'Yeah', she said firmly. 'Yeah', she said again, softly.

* * *

Two days later I read her composition, one of twenty attempts to record what they had seen. She remembered everything: things I had not known I had noticed until her composition reminded me—the ornament in a ballerina's hair, the colour of a painted window sill. 'Ere was a real clock on the church tower and at was a proper village. David he say it's a paintin' when we was in the bus', Sally wrote challengingly.

But for Elisabeth the afternoon had been one of unprecedented and glorious importance. Under the heading, 'A Visit to the Ballet', in a big, round hand she wrote: 'We went in the bus at two o'clock and on the way we see some sheep. I see the sheep last Saturday and I shew the others. When we got there we see a ballet. At was nice and we see the sheep again when we was coming home'.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Mental Disorder and Crime

Sir,—I, too, am unable to understand Mr. Jackson's point: 'that the patient is in the institution not because he committed the offence but because the criminal proceedings uncovered a mental disorder' (THE LISTENER, August '8). In this type of case the court can make an order only if the offence is proved, is one rendering the person liable to imprisonment, and the offender a mentally defective person within the meaning of the Mental Deficiency Acts. Each and every one of these conditions must be present for a valid court order to be made. In short, both the commission of a criminal offence and a mental disorder are necessary and sufficient conditions, but either alone, although a necessary condition, is not a sufficient one.

In this connection I should like to quote the words of the Lord Chief Justice:

If on enquiry the court finds there was no evidence by which the order or conviction can be sustained, they can release on Habeas Corpus or quash on *certiorari*. (All E.R. 1956—Vol. I.)

Yours, etc.,

Oulton Hall Hospital, H. S. O'LOUGHLIN
Woodlesford Medical Superintendent

A Frank Discussion

Sir,—In Mr. Harold Beaver's article on 'The Homosexual Condition' (THE LISTENER, August 1) he writes: 'What was needed, all speakers agreed, was a thorough social survey of the problem' and 'We heard too little from the minority itself'.

A year ago, the British Social Biology Council undertook a survey of the social implications of male homosexuality, to be based upon first-hand information given by professing homo-

sexuals with widely differing backgrounds. Although severely limited by lack of financial support, it is hoped that the Final Report—due in the last months of 1958—will provide factual information for the public on a topic now shrouded by ignorance and fear. We believe that this field research is the first of its kind in this country.—Yours, etc.,

CLAUDIA R. GRUBY

British Biology Council, Secretary
London, S.W.1

In Defence of the Comprehensive School

Sir,—It seems to me that Mr. Sandon is being unfair in his comments on the comprehensive school.

I was one of the small intellectual minority, when Mayfield was a grammar school, and we had every assistance towards university careers. Many of the same staff are still giving the same service, to those who ask for it, and it is irrelevant to claim that these are 'grammar' girls, if one is only concerned to show that the advanced work is not suffering from contact with the larger school.

The borderline between grammar school and others was then drawn at about 30 per cent. of the school population. Mr. Sandon's figures should show him that those at the bottom are unlikely to have a brilliant scholastic career. Nevertheless, these girls have considerable potentialities, and it is a pity if they fail to realise them because of an unsuitable syllabus, or the feeling of discouragement which results from the non-selected child being labelled 'a disappointment'. The paradox of the successful comprehensive school, which Mayfield will probably become, will surely be that each indi-

vidual is better able to develop his particular talents, because heterogeneity of opportunity will match heterogeneity of talent, instead of homogeneity of opportunity matching a questionable homogeneity of interest.

'Big becomes too big', when the complexity of routine and organisation is so great as to depress the Head. Her role, as I see it, is to inspire the school and to make all concerned aware of their part in the purpose of the whole. Each form-mistress has, I know, a keen eye for the welfare of her charges, and a chance to ventilate problems. Why should all this knowledge rest in one head?

The talents required of the Head are formidable, and this seems the weakest point in the campaign for more and more of these schools. A bad comprehensive school would tend to be a place where nobody's talents were properly developed. It would then be better to spend public money on improving the provisions made for the majority of children, and much private effort to combat the damaging pressures surrounding what should be a neutral selection procedure. Which is easier, to change systems or attitudes?—Yours, etc.,

Wirral

BETTY RATHBONE

The American Way of School Life

Sir,—Jack Longland's excellent talk in THE LISTENER of July 25 on 'The American Way of School Life' made mention of the salary scales of teachers and stated that they are well paid by our standards.

During my visit to three or four eastern states last summer, however, I was reliably informed that whereas the average salaries of teachers in elementary schools ranged from \$3,000 to \$4,800

and in high schools from \$4,000 to \$5,500, car industry workers' average earnings were \$4,900, railroad conductors \$6,600, while electricians, plumbers, and plasterers did even better.

My impression was that the status of teachers in America was low and that the calibre of teachers was falling. One periodical estimated that 750,000 new teachers would be required in the U.S.A. in the next three years and that half the elementary school children were receiving instruction from 'unsupervised green hands'.

Yours, etc.,

Liverpool, 17

S. W. TILLER

The Canadian General Election

Sir,—As a recently returned immigrant from Canada, I beg to disagree with Mrs. Diana Hammond on Canada. It is a well-known fact that few British people can tell the difference between English-speaking Canadians and Americans.

Having travelled throughout Canada I found little love for 'limeys', as they so consistently called us. Of course Rhodes scholars and anglo-phil families do exist. But to say that Canadians only 'borrow customs and ideas from across the border' is a masterpiece of understatement.

However, we found French-Canadians extremely cultured and polite. Quebec must surely be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. French Canada's culture consists of more than just 'folklore'. They are now heavily industrialised, they have the highest standard of secondary classical education in Canada and run four outstanding universities. Their contemporary theatre art and literature is the finest in Canada. Their theatre flourished long before Stratford Ontario.

May I point out that when Benjamin Franklin asked French-Canadians to join the American Revolution, he was turned down flat! French-Canadians in their way are also loyal to the Crown; providing it does not rest too heavily on their heads!

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

PETER RICHARDSON

Sir,—As a Canadian of English parentage with a Sorbonne degree in M. de Ségur's own language, might I make a few realistic comments on his letter in THE LISTENER of July 18, which has just arrived on the Pacific coast?

Language is such an intimate part of both our conscious and unconscious selves that we are all a little touchy about it. So M. de Ségur may be rightly annoyed if I point out that every *Canadien* in the Province of Quebec could disappear overnight without the event having any effect at all on the work the western Canadian universities are doing in the transmission of the European cultural heritage through the medium of French—the language, the thinking, the literature. And has he heard that there are actually art galleries, symphony orchestras, public libraries, painters, poets, sculptors, west of Toronto? They are scattered across a wide territory, of course. That is the sad point. But they do exist. So, incidentally, do Harvard, Yale, Chicago, and various other manifestations of the American spirit of which M. de Ségur seems quite ignorant.

But I know that the word 'Americanisation' means, to many French-Canadians, 'secularisation'. The whole question of the place of the French language in Canada is tied up to racial

and religious loyalties, to history and economics and politics. I myself take the deepest pleasure in using French as a second language, because, among other things, it widens my perceptions of reality as any thoroughly assimilated second language will do. But after living in the east of Canada, I would never encourage my students to spend time (and consequently money) in Quebec if they could get to France. Minds are to be opened, not closed. So neither they nor I get the opportunity of meeting the 'élite intellectuelle du Canada'. We make do with what we have, including the overseas scholarships which the Canadian government so wisely, and so fortunately, has been providing recently for study in France and England and Holland.

Yours, etc.,

British Columbia

GWLADYS DOWNES

Reflections on Linguistic Philosophy

Sir,—Mr. Ernest Gellner's first talk occupies two full pages of THE LISTENER (August 8). But surely the burden of it was expressed much more concisely, some sixty years ago, by Humpty Dumpty! 'When I use a word', Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, 'it means first what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less'.

Yours, etc.,

Fakenham

H. G. THURSFIELD

The Harassed Nightingale

Sir,—Mr. Edwin Morgan, in his stimulating consideration of Soviet poetry based on Jack Lindsay's book (THE LISTENER, August 1), made a surprising choice in electing Mayakovsky to first place in post-Revolution poetry. He was indeed a great showman, an adventurer, a powerful editor and a lively Communist propagandist, but without doubt the greatest poet since Lermontov was Alexandr Blok, who is mentioned by Mr. Morgan, almost in passing, with Yesenin.

Mr. Morgan does acclaim Blok's great poem 'The Scythians'. His greatest poem, however—too long for Mr. Lindsay's anthology and *The Oxford Book of Russian Verse*—was that poignant vision of Bolshevism, 'The Twelve', which was also his last work. The best of Blok's lyrics, written between 1908 and 1916 are in the third of the five volumes, into which his works are collected.

Yours, etc.,

Bolton

E. P. RADCLIFFE

'English and Scottish Ballads'

Sir,—May I make a brief note on the review of *English and Scottish Ballads*, edited by Mr. Robert Graves (THE LISTENER, August 1)?

The 'water o' Dye' referred to in the quoted 'ballad of four lines' is not in Kincardineshire, as Mr. Graves supposes, but in Berwickshire, in the heart of the Lammermuirs. 'Trottingshaw' is shown in the ordnance map as 'Trottingshaw' (Lat. 55°49' N., Long. 2°34' W.), just three miles west of the village of Longformacus. Dye Water is a tributary of the Whitadder, itself the last important tributary of the Tweed.

Lady John Scott, familiar with the district, took this quatrain as the first stanza of her poem, 'A Lammermuir Lilt'. As for Mr. Graves' fanciful annotation, it is not even necessary to suppose this to be a poem of exile.

Separation caused by age and disability would be enough; and Trottingshaw is then in the category of Durisdeer, Ettrick, Snawdon Wood, and all other unvisited Yarrowes.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh 5

A. C. AITKEN

St. Paul's through the Ages

Sir,—Mr. Clifton-Taylor in his article 'St. Paul's through the Ages' (THE LISTENER, August 8) recalls John Wesley's brush with Bishop Butler and says that he made no reply to the Bishop's famous rebuke. It is, however, recorded that Wesley did not remain dumb but retorted: 'My Lord, for what Mr. Whitefield says, Mr. Whitefield, and not I, is accountable. I pretend to no extraordinary revelations or gifts of the Holy Ghost; none but what every Christian may receive, and ought to expect and pray for'. (Page 366 Vol. II, Gladstone's edition of Butler's *Works* quoting page 499 of Vol. XIII of the *Works* of John Wesley in the edition of 1872.)

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 30

JOHN EDMUND VAUGHAN

A Children's Museum near Birmingham

Sir,—The Birmingham Local History Collection goes back at least to the purchase in 1873 of the Staunton Collection, especially rich in local medals. Since then it has grown steadily, through and for adults. Its pre-war home at Cannon Hill Park also housed a children's museum, and I was connected with the proposal, eight years ago, to end this unhappy mixture. Certainly the admirable new museum will also teach local history (surely not a prosaic subject) to schoolchildren, and encourage them to bring in the Roman coins they find instead of swapping them for conkers. Perhaps, however, there is a moral; a city which demolishes, despite appeal from the Ministry of Works, its most important group of Georgian houses (Temple Row) in the same week as the much-publicised reopening of Blakesley Hall (THE LISTENER, August 1) and is now planning to destroy its medieval market-place and buildings by, *inter alia*, Samuel Wyatt, Pugin and Lethaby, may need to become again as a little child.

Yours, etc.,

ROBERT J. HETHERINGTON

Birmingham, 29

A Boom in 'Moonshine'

Sir,—I was very much interested in the talk published in THE LISTENER of August 8.

In 1905-6 I was living in North Carolina among the moonshiners who distilled their product from maize, called corn in the South, and it was therefore called corn whisky. It was a very potent liquor and, as stated, 'it burned all the way down'. Rye whisky or bourbon are products of the North and were generally unpopular in the South.

A firm of legal distillers in North Carolina sold a very fine matured corn whisky which I could buy locally only with a doctor's prescription from a drug store. This made it expensive. I was therefore forced to have it shipped in bulk to a nearby railway station in South Carolina where I collected it upon arrival, North Carolina being a dry State.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.20

W. G. HEAD

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Words and Images

A Study in Theological Discourse

ERIC L. MASCALL

Christian philosophers have long been familiar with atheists who deny that there is a God and with agnostics who deny that we can know whether there is a God or not; less familiar, perhaps, is the argument of those who aver that the whole discussion of the existence or non-existence of God is meaningless and unimportant. In this small book, the author attempts an assessment of some of the results of this controversy.

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Age of Roosevelt, Vol. I. The Crisis of the Old Order, 1919-1933

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
Heinemann. 42s.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT was obsessed with history. This great empiricist, improviser, jack-of-all-trades pragmatist was, above all, a statesman who saw himself in history's mirror. History—or at least historians—lost no time in returning the compliment. Since 1945 a small army of archivists, researchers and biographers has been devoted to the Roosevelt theme, and of these the most devoted, the most obsessed, is the younger Professor Schlesinger.

Professor Schlesinger's obsession goes back a long way. Roosevelt was both the inspiration and, in a sense, the real theme of *The Age of Jackson* with which Professor Schlesinger at once took his place in the front rank of American historians. Then and since, one can truly say of him that his work has all been a preparation for that full-scale Life and Times which would at once be a portrait of a hero (in the sense that Carlyle would have understood), an analysis of a revolutionary movement, the New Deal, and an attempt to recapture the initial morning bliss, the excitement, the ferment, the very sparks struck by personality off personality which were so characteristic of the Washington, the New York, and sometimes the Harvard of the Age of Roosevelt. *The Crisis of the Old Order* is the overture to this major work. In it can be heard certain themes which are virtually certain to recur in more elaborate form later on—the bankruptcy of American business conservatism, the experimentalism of the Roosevelt administration, the mendacity and absurdity of the Moscow-led Left, the alliance, so often uneasy, between liberalism and machine politics, the role of the intellectual brokers (the Frankfurters, Baruchs, Bob Sherwoods), the confusion of counsels round the throne and, finally, loud if not always clear, the Groton and Harvard accents of the *Heldentenor* himself.

It is a great subject and Professor Schlesinger has conceived his treatment of it on lines of classic spaciousness. The question is, does Volume One hold out promise of success for his enterprise? The answer, unfortunately, must be a guarded one. One basic virtue can be immediately conceded, readability. At moments, as in the description of the 'bonus marchers', there is a sustained narrative power of the highest order, which both grips the reader's immediate attention and leaves a continuing impress on his mind. Unfortunately, all too often Professor Schlesinger seems to have mistrusted the adequacy of straightforward narrative prose to convey his sense of the drama and momentum of events. Repeatedly he falls back upon an irrelevant, phoney and clattering rhetoric: 'The soil was rich and purple-black in Iowa', as if this fertility condition were a peculiar phenomenon of the economic crisis of 1932. Worse, this striving after effect has been allowed to impair the whole structure of the book which, movie-like, is based on a flashback technique.

Nor are these merely formal faults. Underly-

ing them, surprising as it may seem, is a certain indifference to the fundamental obligation of the historian—*rerum cognoscere causas*. The reader rises from this account of the years of depression still uncertain about what really caused the economic calamities of 1929-33. Alternative theories of the period are paraded and a partiality for the Keynesian diagnosis is indicated, but that is all. Similarly the great electoral victory of 1932 is nowhere analysed at all: no attempt is made to assess who voted for F.D.R. and why, or in what strength.

What then is the reader likely to find in Professor Schlesinger that he has not got from the other Rooseveltians already in the field? First, he will catch a whiff—an authentic whiff—of that peculiar excitement which F.D.R. imparted to his circle and indeed in lesser degree to his age. Secondly, though Professor Schlesinger is a poor hand at causality, he is uncommonly deft at sifting and depicting ideas in action. The intellectual currents of the age are better charted in his pages, better reproduced with their original force, flow and direction, than in any other book. Finally, Professor Schlesinger knows how to paint a portrait. The central figures of his often tangled narrative, like the cast of an early Verdi opera, are clear and vivid, whatever their exact place in the action may be. The lineaments of characters like Bernard Baruch, Louis Howe or Herbert Hoover are firmly, brilliantly etched. They encourage the hope that when in Volume Two the full company of the New Deal is brought on stage there will be no lack of character parts. Let us also hope there will be some real, carefully worked out plot.

The Life and Times of Baron Haussmann: Paris in the Second Empire

By J. M. and Brian Chapman.
Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.

Of the Prefects of the Seine, two names have passed into the French language, that of Poubelle who provided Paris with its rubbish bins and that of Haussmann, most eminent of all, who for seventeen imperious years, 1853 to 1870, demolished slums, built many boulevards and streets, constructed 260 miles of sewers and put up more than 100,000 houses, besides a great quantity of barracks, hospitals, churches, theatres, slaughter-houses, schools, and markets, all in that most depressing of styles, which has come to be known as *Haussmannesque*. Not that Haussmann cared whether people shuddered at the Opera or flinched at La Trinité. His interests were not aesthetic; he was the born administrator. Water, sanitation, gas, lighting, health, order, these were his gods, and these he provided at a cost which today seems trivial.

Among the many prefects who made their name under the Second Empire Haussmann is remarkable. From his first appointment at the age of twenty-three to a remote sub-prefecture in the Central Massif, he gave himself to administration. A fierce energy and a splendid self-confidence fired him. For routine he had no use; every day, every task must be constructive. In five years he had taught himself not only

civil engineering, but all its aspects, legal and technical. That he was ambitious is natural, but his ambition was for the work, not for rewards and not for his purse. It is a career of success through audacity, energy, just enough tact and some luck, the luck (or possibly talent?) of being prominently visible at the right moment and unseen in the hours of ambiguity, shrouded in oblivion in the doubtful months of 1848 and accidentally in conversation with Morny on the morning of December 2, 1851.

The story should be tragic, since, a lesser Strafford, he was abandoned by a lesser monarch to his enemies and spent the last twenty years of his life in humble, even narrow circumstances. Yet it does not seem so, and one cannot but think something has been lost in the authors' handling of the life. One feels that they have less interest in Haussmann than in the improvements in Paris (Dr. Chapman published the single book in English on the Prefects, indispensable for an understanding of French government). They do not seem to make enough of those last assaults on Haussmann when he was used most unfairly as a stalking horse in pursuit of Napoleon III. Yet even if they tone down the swagger, the book has great fascination. The one serious complaint is that the plans of Paris are wholly inadequate.

My Apprenticeships and Music-Hall Sidelights. By Colette.

Secker and Warburg. 15s.

Close to Colette

By Maurice Goudekot.

Secker and Warburg. 21s.

In *My Apprenticeships* Colette recalls the years of her marriage to 'M. Willy', the extraordinary man who started her as a writer. He was thirty-five at the time of their marriage, she twenty, fresh from the country ('It had been roses, roses, all the way. But what would I have done with everlasting roses?'). She was to see no roses during her association with M. Willy. From those years of bohemian life in Paris at the turn of the century she presents, with superb art, a startling collection of characters. She claims that she knew very few people, but the ones she did know were certainly peculiar, and none more peculiar than M. Willy.

'Quick, dear, quick! There's not a sou in the house!' And instantly 'the factory' would get to work, organised by express lettercards, to create, to produce ideas, words, books, money for M. Willy. His method was first to send off a bare idea to a writer: 'Cast your eye on this grub and map out, in fifty pages, its future destiny'. On their arrival, the fifty pages would be hastily re-typed and posted in a fresh envelope to a fresh address: 'Help! Help! Here is my last-born infant. Can you, in a month, get the substance of a light novel out of it?' The second author's manuscript, re-typed, would go without delay to yet a third writer: 'You ask how my latest book is going! Here it is. Isn't it enough to make one bash one's head against the wall? You alone with your skill and charm, your delicacy of expression, your happy choice

of phrase... And eventually the book would appear, with much publicity, as M. Willy's child. For him everything was easy, except the task of writing.

One day he suggested that Colette might put down what she remembered about her school days: 'Don't be shy of the spicy bits, I might make something of it. Money's short'. She obediently sat down and wrote. He read the accumulated copy-books: 'I was wrong. It's no use at all'. Some time later he came across the manuscript when clearing old papers from his desk and glanced through the pages: 'It's rather nice'. He read on and on, suddenly muttered, 'My God! I am the bloodiest fool', grabbed his top hat, and ran to his publishers. 'And that', says Colette, 'is how I became a writer'. This was the manuscript of *Claudine à l'Ecole*.

These reminiscences, admirably translated by Helen Beauclerk, are an accomplished work of art, written when Colette was sixty. *Music-Hall Sidelights* is a much earlier work, a collection of twenty-four short sketches in the Chekhovian manner, published in French in 1913. These impressions derive from her experiences on the variety stage after she had parted from M. Willy in 1906. They do not afford the same subtle pleasure as *My Apprenticeships*, but their intense feeling for life, even at its most miserable depths, underlines some revealing words from the other book: 'To endure without happiness and not to droop, not to pine, is a pursuit in itself, you might almost say a profession'.

Maurice Goudekot, Colette's third husband, first met her in 1925, so his knowledge of her covers the last thirty years of her life. His book is a charming and restrained portrait of this unusual woman, a writer by force of circumstance who became a writer by compulsion. It contains much interesting matter about the source of her themes and her method of work. And it makes clear that this sophisticated artist drew her strength from a countrywoman's love of life in every natural detail.

The Descent into the Cave, and Other Poems. By James Kirkup.

Oxford. 12s. 6d.

The star turn in Mr. Kirkup's new volume is the title-poem, a long descriptive account of a spelaeological expedition under the Mendips. It shows considerable skill in handling varying metres and in linking pure narrative with meditative passages. 'The Descent into The Cave' was broadcast on the B.B.C. Third Programme and would certainly be most effective when read aloud. Mr. Kirkup has a real feeling for words and a gift for turning any experience into lucid and acceptable poetry. He is not afraid of simplicity: some of his translations from the French make the most of material which is homely yet dignified. His own particular efforts in the direction of the everyday comprise poems about drains, sinks and 'conveniences':

Its scarred and bitter walls
Contain what could not be contained
In life—with what passionate relief
Men entered here and made their scrolls
Of joyous water; and with what voluptuous ferocity restrained
Themselves no longer, confessing dreams beyond belief.

These poems seem to be rather overdone: over-

loaded with too much fancy, too much imagery, too many words: jokes oughtn't to be carried too far. Mr. Kirkup is perhaps over-fond of adjectives: his poem on Sibelius, for instance, has nobility but is marred by a facile application of emphases:

There the ancestral stillness pulses with the beat
of high
Oceans hammering unalterable shores, and
shivers with leagues
Of light-sheeted lakes baring their wide reflections
to a wind
That greys their elemental pallor with the dark
of stone.

This is getting dangerously near to a promenade concert programme note. On the whole, real experiences, rather than intellectual speculations, bring out the best in this poet: and that is perhaps the rarest and the best thing that can be said about a poet nowadays. A poem like 'Novillada', a description of a bull fight, can be read with pleasure because it catches the atmosphere so well and doesn't need to moralise. With commonplace subjects, Mr. Kirkup tends to overload with significance; with 'imaginary' subjects he is sometimes a bit whimsical, a bit arch, a bit too literary. But when he has a big theme—and he is not afraid to go out and find big themes—he can bring into action a remarkable technical equipment and produce some enjoyable, deceptively easy writing.

Field and Farm. By Richard Jefferies.

Edited and introduced by Samuel J. Looker. Phoenix. 15s.

Few writers have been denied a just appreciation more persistently than Richard Jefferies, whose work, after three quarters of a century, still inspires in the main either passionate liking or almost equally passionate disliking. The disliking, of course, stems from the mystic strain that permeated so much of his writing and culminated in the unique *The Story of My Heart*, a book written so near the quick that even D. H. Lawrence, of all people, wondered if its author did not 'wince away from it' in the end.

The modern reader likes his country books to be factual and straightforward, with no trimmings, requiring only that their authors shall have in addition to the seeing eye an adequate and up-to-date knowledge of the facts and an ability to put these facts across, without letting himself get in the way. Now nobody could have been better informed on country matters than Jefferies was. In him was combined, to a quite unusual extent, the agriculturalist, the naturalist, the observer of the rural social scene, and the sportsman. What is more, his views were invariably forward-looking. In agriculture his sympathies were with the latest developments; in his comments on the countryman, whether cottager or farmer, he could be as scathing as he was understanding; and in shooting for sport it should not be forgotten that he learned to lay aside the gun out of reverence for life and the disciplined delight of watching.

Nobody, in fact, could be more beguiling than Jefferies when he is content to describe what he sees: the thing takes life from his words. But description could never wholly satisfy one whose near-identification with nature had caused him to evolve his own peculiar brand of mysticism. It became increasingly urgent for him to communicate this mysticism to others. This

is where so many readers fight shy of him, and all the zeal of his devotees cannot mend the matter.

Perhaps his devotees are in any case not his best advocates: it often happens so. What is needed is an affectionate detachment such as Mrs. Leavis showed in her *Scrutiny* essay on Jefferies as far back as 1938, and it is a pity she did not follow up this incisive, pioneering piece of work with a full-length study. For there is surely a large audience still awaiting Jefferies, especially perhaps for his agricultural writings, such as the underestimated *Hodge and His Masters*.

Anticipation was the keener, therefore, when one learned that in Mr. Looker's latest batch of hitherto uncollected articles and essays (promised as long ago as 1948 in *Chronicles of the Hedges*) the emphasis would be on agriculture. With admirable industry Mr. Looker, who has already done so much for his favourite author, searched the files of the *Live Stock Journal*, to which Jefferies contributed frequently during 1877-8, the *St. James's Gazette* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and nobody could fail to be grateful for his endeavours. If interest is not sustained in the present volume at quite the level one hoped for, it is because the effect of such a collection is bound to be rather scrappy and because by no means all these resuscitated pieces (which were mainly journalism, after all) attain the level of 'Sold by Auction' and 'Left out in the Cold', both of which are most attractive. The truth would seem to be that the cream of Jefferies' uncollected writings has already been skimmed by his widow, by J. C. Longman, by Edward Thomas, and by Mr. Looker himself in previous volumes. What is still wanted is a detailed and impartial study of Jefferies' work, aimed, in Mrs. Leavis' words, to make him appear 'alive and congenial to our younger generation'.

Earthquakes. By G. A. Eiby.

Muller. 21s.

Mr. Eiby is a geophysicist at the Seismological Observatory at Wellington in New Zealand. He describes the features of earthquakes, the methods of recording them, the theories of the constitution of the earth which have been propounded to explain what has been observed, and the methods of construction which enable buildings to survive earthquakes. Among the interesting matters that he discusses is the widespread belief that earthquakes are preceded by premonitory phenomena. A great deal of attention has been devoted to the possibility of 'trigger' actions, by which comparatively small forces might set in motion great forces which were in unstable equilibrium. There is some evidence that in certain places earthquakes are more likely when the barometer is rising than when it is falling. The variations in pressure on the seabottom owing to the rise and fall of the tide are however ten times greater than those due to changes in the pressure of the atmosphere, and in New Zealand the aftershocks of one earthquake were more frequent when the tide was going out. The waves produced in the sea can be of terrifying magnitude; the largest on record was 210 feet high. The most common and one of the most inconvenient kinds of minor damage in New Zealand is the cracking of the pans of water closets. Generally, the most serious damage in cities is due to fires and not over-

throw of buildings. Many of these are caused by the open-fire grate and its chimney.

There are thirty-two excellent photographs of remarkable earth movements and forms of destruction in towns and dwellings. Theoretical points are illustrated by fifty-four figures, explaining how the various kinds of waves move through the earth and their effects on geological and engineering structures. The book is conveniently short and simply written, and altogether a fine and conscientious piece of scientific exposition for the general reader.

Western Enterprise in Indonesia and Malaya. By G. C. Allen and Audrey G. Donnithorne. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

At first sight this may appear to be a book primarily for the specialist, the chapter headings conveying the impression of its being akin to a Commercial Attaché's or Trade Commissioner's annual report. It should, however, have a far wider appeal, for it contains much of interest to the general reader and provides serious food for thought, both for business men concerned with future prospects in South-east Asia and for the ordinary man or woman who seeks to understand the whys and wherefores of the revolutionary changes which have been taking place since the close of the second world war in what is now known as Free Asia.

In some respects it makes sad reading; for although these changes have perhaps been inevitable and have brought much good in their train, they have raised almost more problems than they have solved and have created tensions and causes of friction previously unknown. To those who now talk so glibly of the evils of colonialism and imperialism it would, in fact, be a salutary task to study these pages and ponder on the great benefits—as described therein—brought to both Malaya and Indonesia by western rule and economic leadership. Without detracting in any way from what the Dutch and, for a time, the British accomplished in Java and Sumatra during a much longer period, Singapore and Malaya have, in the space of little more than a century, been transformed by British brains, initiative and capital from sparsely inhabited, backward areas into highly developed regions with a higher level of income per head of population than those of any other country in East Asia. How this has been achieved and how the peace and prosperity established by the British have attracted Chinese, Indians and other Asiatics to those lands to the great benefit of themselves and of the country is fully and lucidly narrated in these pages.

Somewhat ironically, it is this influx of Chinese and others that has raised one of the greatest problems facing Malaya and Singapore in recent years, the problem of a plural society in which the hard-working, money-making Chinese have secured an economic grip on the whole area in such a way as to earn for themselves the envy, dislike and alarm of the indigenous Malays. Although concerned primarily with economic developments, the political implications of this and of other problems arising from the economic development of both Malaya and Indonesia are clearly brought out by the two authors of this book.

If such austere chapter headings as the Java Sugar Industry, Some Indonesian Plantations, the Rubber Industry, Mining Industries, Bank-

ing, Shipping, Public Utilities and the like may sound uninviting to the general reader, the actual contents of these chapters are far from dull and by no means devoid of romance. The picture of the enthusiastic and indefatigable Ridley seeking to interest a dubious government, and equally sceptical planters, in his rubber seeds, and meeting rebuff after rebuff before finally succeeding in laying the foundations of Malaya's economic prosperity is the very stuff of romance. So, too, is the description of Deterding's initial attempts to found the great oil industry in Indonesia, of his early struggles with Rockefeller, and of the ultimate birth and development of the vast Shell organisation. In these as in other aspects of the far-reaching economic developments brought about in both Indonesia and Malaya through western enterprise, romance is writ large. Those who would wish to know the story of these developments and to understand the present situation and probable future trends could not do better than read these pages.

Isambard Kingdom Brunel.

By L. T. C. Rolt. Longmans. 25s.

In the novelty of many of the problems encountered, and in the magnitude of the works, construction of the earliest main line railways in this country called for exceptional men, and one need only mention names like the Stephensons, Joseph Locke, Vignoles, and Thomas Brassey to recall that great men were there when they were needed. Their work was chronicled by biographers who knew them personally—in some cases by their sons—though none but the most eager of students is likely to turn nowadays to those masterpieces of nineteenth-century prose. All the more welcome then is a modern biography of one of the most colourful of all the early railway engineers, Isambard Kingdom Brunel. The story of his short and incredibly crowded life never grows stale, and from the facile pen of Mr. L. T. C. Rolt even the best-known episodes partake of a new vividness. But Isambard Brunel was much more than a railway pioneer; the Thames Tunnel, Clifton Suspension Bridge, and his ill-starred excursions into shipbuilding took heavier toll of his nervous energy and physical stamina than ever did the Great Western Railway.

At a time approaching the hundredth anniversary of his death, however, one looks back in some curiosity to the man himself rather than to the long catalogue of his deeds. That he was a colossus among men goes without saying. Everything he did was either a colossal success, or an equally colossal failure. How was it then, that a man who produced such enduring masterpieces as the Royal Albert Bridge at Saltash, Box Tunnel, and the marvellously engineered main line of the Great Western Railway came so conspicuously to grief over the pile-supported, broad-gauge permanent way, over the atmospheric system of propulsion, and ultimately over his stupendous essays into shipbuilding? Mr. Rolt's fascinating work goes some way towards supplying the answer. Brunel lived at a pace, and a pitch of nervous energy, that it is scarcely given to the human frame to endure. He worked night and day alike; in days before railways were built he would travel all night by coach, spend the next day in work or intensive note-taking, and then travel again, working most of the night. He inspired men to follow him; he inspired the most unswerving loyalty even in the times of his

greatest failures—until the very end. Then his judgement in choosing colleagues and assistants failed, and failed catastrophically. In 1852, when he was but forty-six years of age, wearied and disillusioned by the machinations of railway politics, he conceived the idea of the vast ship *Great Eastern*, and chose John Scott Russell as his contractor. The mounting tale of misfortune, distrust, and, at last, stark tragedy that dogged the last seven years of Brunel's life is told by Mr. Rolt with a clarity and restraint that immeasurably heighten the drama, and set the seal upon a good book.

Woodwind Instruments and their History

By Anthony Baines. Faber. 42s.

Mr. Baines claims that the woodwind instruments 'are stars because composers for over two hundred years have made them so, having entrusted to them those passages and motifs of their music which, by their nature, especially demand utterance by chosen solo voices raised above the orchestra's time-honoured foundation of strings'. Possessing a rare combination of practical knowledge (he was a bassoonist in the London Philharmonic Orchestra for fifteen years) with careful and wide-ranging scholarship, he has written a book which is bound to become a classic on this department of musical astronomy.

If it has a fault, it is that too much has been packed into it: acoustics, technique, mechanisms and systems of fingering, history, ethno-musicology, even practical information for tourists:

The dates of the fêtes when the [Provençal] pipes—*tambourinaires*—perform may be found in the calendars of local events published by the French Railways, touring offices, etc.

Not only the layman but the musician may at first be intimidated by the fingering charts and cross-sections; but even these are enlivened by comments in the text, such as that on the non-return valve in the mouthpiece of the bagpipe:

This valve prevents the air flowing back into the mouth (which can be literally a nauseating experience with a village-made bagpipe of uncured goatskin, when the valve is not acting properly).

A fascinating topic discussed in the chapters on the ordinary orchestral woodwind is that of national taste in instrumental quality:

Matching the peculiar clarity of their music and their scoring, the French like wind instruments to give colourful, almost picturesque sounds, often rather thin in substance but always vivid in colour and highly individual for each particular kind of instrument. . . . The German ideal is quite different: a warm, mellow blend, in which, to French ears, all the wind instruments sound alike and equally thick and dull; and indeed, for one quite unaccustomed to them, it is even possible to confuse their broad, suave tones, all of which seem to be converging towards one universal, abstract notion of a beautiful, purely musical instrumental sound.

During the last thirty years, however, we are told, most German oboists have come to prefer the French type of instrument, though the old German type survives in Russia. How many armchair score-readers remember that an oboe in Brahms is supposed to sound different from an oboe in Ravel? Yet these instrumental shades and methods of performance must have been in the composers' inner ears, and Mr. Baines wonders whether the Russian bassoon *vibrato* 'has any historical connection with those long vocal bassoon solos in Tchaikovsky's symphonies and in other Russian works'.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Give Me the Animals

I REMARKED LAST WEEK that television's chief function is to keep us in touch with our kind and that this might be a blessing or a curse according to our circumstances, but last week's viewing has reminded me that it introduces us also to many people—too many—who produce in us nothing more than complete indifference. Such folk, judged by an acquaintance of a minute or two which is all we get of them, are simply not worth meeting either for their own sakes or for what they have to tell us. I bump into them from time to time 'Behind the Headlines' and one or two of them will probably waylay me and waste my time 'Tonight'.

What, for example, was the point of putting me in touch last week with the Welsh-born American who was determined to protest during an Eisteddfod celebration against the flooding of his native valley? He was not—no discredit to him—a persuasive broadcaster and I can't believe that he had the slightest influence on the views of anyone who heard him. But take a different case: the fact that last week the town of Altrincham disclaimed all connection with Lord Altrincham and his views was not, as it happened, of the slightest interest to me nor doubtless to thousands of other viewers, and if Geoffrey Johnson Smith's brief talk with an Altrincham Town Councillor was worth viewing it was purely because the Councillor was a man worth meeting. In short it is the person and not the subject that counts in these brief interviews, and it is largely, I suppose, a matter of luck whether the choice of specimens turns out happy or unhappy—largely, but not, one would think, entirely. There must surely be some reason why I meet a larger proportion of bores on television than I do in actual life.

But the kindly B.B.C. offers us a sure refuge from bores. I refer to its excellent habit of transferring our attention to the birds, beasts, and fishes. At the beginning of the week I watched the second instalment of Peter Scott's 'Faraway Look' which took me to Arnhem Land in Northern Australia. There cameramen Charles Lagus and Peter Scott and talker Peter Scott introduced us to a variety of unaccustomed beasts—the frilly lizard, a spectacularly pugnacious creature; cockatoos, ibises, buffaloes, funny little frogs, brilliant lorikeets, pigmy geese, mandarin ducks and some extraordinary cave-paintings.

This series is in the nature of a copiously illustrated diary, each instalment lasting half an hour, and it is no discredit to it to say that it was somewhat overshadowed last week by 'Zoo Quest for a Dragon' which was shown two days later. This was a compilation lasting an hour from film sequences, previously shown in October and November of last year, of David Attenborough's expedition to Indonesia. Once again Charles Lagus, that king of cameramen, joined the party, and his photography was unequalled by anything of the kind

I have seen. The object of the expedition was to beard in its den the Komodo dragon, a huge lizard from ten to fifteen feet in length which was known to inhabit the Indonesian island of Komodo, but they met and filmed various creatures great and small on the way. Mr. Attenborough is an exceptionally good narrator and an intrepid and as it seemed to me madly foolhardy pursuer of wild creatures. For me the mere film of a huge orang-outang crashing about in the branches of a tree was sufficiently intimidating and so was the vast python which Mr. Attenborough dislodged from a tree by climbing up after it and hacking off the bough which supported it. But the Komodo dragon when he was eventually found and filmed beat all else. He was nothing less than an embodied nightmare, and the sequence leading up to his capture was intensely exciting.

But I must return before closing down to 'Tonight' in case I have left you with the impression that since its return to duty last week I had found it disappointing. True it was not quite up to form on the first two or three evenings, but things improved considerably on Thursday when there was a fascinating conversation on training runners for the mile race between Cliff Michelmore and the trainer of Derek Ibbotson (whose name I failed to catch), who made the interesting point that the mere fact that scientists had declared that the mile under four minutes was a physical impossibility had set up a mental barrier against achieving it



A frilly lizard seen in 'Faraway Look' on August 5

which has only recently been abolished. Among other good stuff we were shown the opening of a beehive and the introduction of a new queen. Throughout the programme Christopher Chataway became increasingly and amusingly conspicuous by his absence in Cannes.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

Plunderers

BEN TRAVERS' ALDWYCH FARCE of 1928, his fourth of a famous series, was called 'Plunder'. It was presented by Brian Rix (director, Jack Williams) in television form on Sunday. Originally written for a team who were the public darlings of a decade, it was now offered by a team enjoying similar favour at the Whitehall Theatre today. But there was no similar impact. Inevitably I watched with memories of Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, and Robertson Hare: unfortunately I watched with waning hopes that the new clowns would know how to recapture the old wild nonsense. They failed, I think, through treating gently and almost sedately what is essentially a rough scamper. Ben Travers wrote for players of abounding personality who could revel without stint in a farcical situation. Brian Rix and his colleagues played farce as light comedy and veered away from any uninhibited show of reckless absurdity.

Perhaps it is the case that farce and television do not make an easy marriage. One needs in a revival that huge, warm, boisterous audience that the Aldwych farces and the Aldwych team had acquired and so happily retained. 'Plunder' is a farce about what we call 'the sparklers' and the Americans 'the ice'. Something icy had got into the air. Here was not our rare Ben Travers.

Jacqueline Mackenzie had carried her sharp perception to Cannes where she observed the gay world sit and bake and drive and drink. What had she to declare upon return? Some American curios and a parcel of anecdotes. She only reached her true level of facial reporting at the Casino, at whose tables she had a welcome win.

Eden Phillpotts, like the baritones who intervene among after-dinner speeches with their sonorous praise of 'Devon, Glorious Devon', is faithful to his land of apples. It is true that the title of his play, 'The Orange Orchard', suggested, and did in the end concern, more blaze of sun than Dartmoor usually affords. Here was another tale of plunder; an Australian heritage was only rescued from grasping hands after ninety minutes



The Long Drawing-room at Uppark, Sussex, visited in 'The Englishman's Home' on August 8

A. F. Kersting

of sinister intrigue on the banks of Tavy.

We were exposed to more plot than pleasantries. Usually the Phillpotts Devonians have hearts of gold beneath crusty skins: quips, sharp as cider, are ready on the rustic tongue. Their vices are only those of ordinary village envy and intrigue. But this time there was a daughter so hard-hearted that she might have been a cousin of Goneril and Regan.

She, with a husband as fiercely flinty as herself, was seeking to get her mother out of this world in order that the Australian estate, known to be coming to the old lady, might be theirs. The couple did not kill, nor did they 'strive officiously to keep alive'. They stinted Mum's victuals and even prodded her to suicidal intentions. But Mum had other and livelier notions as well as a staunch ally. Holding her hand was a fine old codger, a character fit to ride the Widdicombe road with Uncle Tom Copley himself, and so very properly, as well as capably, performed by Jan Stewer.

We are used now to plays and films that would race anywhere, even up Dartmoor's sheer and tortuous approaches, with the speed of a sports-car. Mr. Phillpotts, so happily continuing in his own way down the decades, is not to be hustled in his eighties. He works to an old tempo and his play, whose end was obvious, jogged along to its conclusion. When the local police-sergeant arrived on the scene, he might have made some arrests for loitering. The company coped diligently with the repetitive situations and tardy narrative of a piece that should have been cut to an hour's length. Ethel Coleridge, as the alert, invincible Mum, had an enormous part and her mummery was a great feat of memorising. There was a quiet competence in her effort to dissuade us that the climate of England's west can be soporific, even with crime in the air.

Bernard Braden, like the gallant adventurers of Aidan Crawley's 'Escape' series (well sustained once more), is striving to get out. The prison-camp which he seeks to evade is that of the routine chortle and of the sketch whose humours are largely physical. He will not be one of the old,



Scene from 'The Orange Orchard' on August 8, with (left to right) Wilfred Babbage as Tom White, Constance Chapman as Maude, Ethel Coleridge as Martha Blanchard, Lewis Gedge as Police Sergeant Caunter, Jan Stewer as Arthur Brimblecombe, and John Drake as Nicholas White



Scene from 'Plunder' on August 11, with (left to right) Peter Gray as Freddy Malone, Hattie Jacques as Mrs. Hewlett, Larry Noble as Oswald Veal, and Brian Rix as D'Arcy Tuck



'Italian Love Story' on August 6, with (left to right) William Franklyn as Captain Bracken, Michael Balfour as Nick, Gene Anderson as Maria, and Howard Pays as Captain Savage

bold mates of Charlie Drake who sail the ship *Buffoon* in an ocean of whitewash and amid a fusillade of custard-pies.

So, in 'Early to Braden', we meet him and others at and round a piano in quest of the fun that scores by inconsequent fancy and serene irrelevance. This service of Unreason could be called Goonery on its good behaviour. The result is tenuous, whimsical, and occasionally, I fancy, baffling to viewers, but never, surely, boring to them. Best of last week's additions to Bernard Braden's own casual charm were a Piano Duet (with one player) and a glimpse of our imperturbable police who will not be fussed by flying saucers and regard the Waiting Room (Edgware Road Station) as the right receptacle for messengers from Mars.

The short plays sent us by the Canadian Television Theatre Company have

varied largely in quality as in style. 'Course for Collision', by Arthur Hailey, was one of their best. A world on the brink of atomic war, an American President flying on a last-minute peace mission to Moscow, a Russian bomber already threatening the annihilation of New York, possible counteraction by contriving a head-on crash—here was everything that up-to-the-next-minute melodrama needs. It was pie-in-the-sky for juvenile viewers. Yet the dialogue and the casting showed fully adult standards. The characters, both airmen and statesmen, were realistically conceived and presented. We all knew what would not happen, but most viewers must have waited with genuine excitement to see it not happening.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Fun and Games

WHAT—I IMAGINE the Drama Department team asking themselves—could be livelier than cricket for August Bank Holiday entertainment? I have my own un-Anglo-Saxon answers, but as an umpire I cannot give them out. Critic on the hearth declares in favour of cricket on the heath, Hugh de Selincourt's 'The Cricket Match' carries a *Boy's Own Paper* presentation bat in the mythology of English middle-age. The youngster gets his first chance to play with the men. Steadied by a friendly word from the gentleman-skipper he brings off a wizard catch that helps to dismiss the titans of Tillingfold for 104. His valiant stand with old John carries Raveleigh to glorious victory in the final over with no wickets in hand. Gamesmanship is the cap that fits the Good. It chimes with the church clock. It realises the partnership of crabbed age and youth when Time is at his ominous scoreboard. It is the poetry of motion and the heart of art. It is even the country community's counterblast to class struggle, a match for Marx. It is a bit much. R. J. B. Sellar kept a good length in his fifty-minute adaptation. His long run up to the wicket took him as far back as the tea pavilion, for an old wives' tale, and the local grocer's, for village shop, and R. D. Smith's production did more than get by.

At the other end of the week the Home Service repeated 'The African Queen', which definitely is not cricket. Each time I run into this story of C. S. Forester's it seems to me more like the rickety old river-boat after which it is named. The shaft is buckled. It gets there after a fashion, damn it, but Heaven only knows how. Where, if anywhere, the author thinks he's steering I remain uncertain. To me he makes the same point as 'The Cricket Match' from the opposite direction. In both pieces character evidently is the thing. According to Mr. de Selincourt it's the game that brings it out. What Mr. Forester's story suggests is that courage, endurance, and human companionship will out, no matter how foolish, wicked or eccentric the object to which they are devoted.

For, you recall, the thing that makes the missionary spinster drive the old tub and its gin-happy engineer through shot and shell, rapids and leeches, to the lake is her determina-

tion to ram a German gun-boat and sink it with home-made torpedoes; not, I would say, the most becoming obsession for a Christian maiden lady. I still think the plebeian engineer was a proper Charlie to let himself be roped in for it. The hero of the tale is the German captain who hands over the homiletic homicide and her helpmate to their rather more hostile compatriots. I strongly suspect that in real life Rose and Charlie would have lost more than their diffidence on that voyage, like the people whose veneer soon peels off in E. Arnot Robertson's novel *Four Frightened People*.

But the charm of this inhibited relationship is undeniable, in the incredibly English way there is some truth in it, and of course one touch of Celia Johnson makes the whole world Charlie. As a matter of fact, though, Deryck Guyler's performance was every bit as good in Charles Lefeaux' imaginative production.

Nature was more recognisably in the raw in Philip O'Connor's 'The Poet Arrested' in the Third Programme on Tuesday. Aboard the *African Queen*, one felt, Mr. O'Connor would not have behaved like an officer or a gentleman. He has a splenetic hatred of Middle-class Female Opposition, as he labels his one-woman chorus. The poet-as Wild Man will stand beside the Cricketer in the museum of modern mythology. He is a shaggy dog, shaking the bars of his social cage, roaring abuse at bourgeois beasts and being as outrageous as possible in his physical behaviour.

My final impression of Mr. O'Connor's latter-day 'romantic poet' coincides with the anecdotal Cockney evacuee's un-Shelleyan word-picture of a hovering skylark: 'dere's a pore littel spadger aht dere, 'e cawnt get up, 'e cawn't get dahn, an' 'e ain't arf 'ollerin'.' But Mr. O'Connor got at least half way to writing a good play. His gift of words is propelled by a sentient vitality. He has only to aim a bit more carefully instead of discharging verbal blunderbusses in our faces at close range. He was well served by Anthony Jacobs as Solo, the Sol who sinks so low alone and is both saved and shackled by the wife who does not see why genius should stink, morally or physically, when he might be a monogamous Solomon.

The natural man who carried his bat last week was Bernard Miles. He went in on Sunday as an early-nineteenth-century Buckinghamshire emigrant to Africa and turned up again in the Home Service on Saturday, no fool and no flannel, in 'Holiday Playhouse'. I quite expected to meet him as Diccon, the yokel in 'Gammer Gurton's Needle', in the Third on Thursday (a part he played in Raymond Raikes' earlier production of this Elizabethan rural knockabout three years ago), but Norman Wooland was every bit as good.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Buttonholing the Listener

A TALK BY IAN MORROW, Managing Director of the Brush Group Ltd., was printed in THE LISTENER of August 8 and rebroadcast the same day on the Third Programme. Its subject was 'British Industry and the Common Market'. Here was a topic of immediate concern. Whether or not we are in industry, the present decisions of the government are bound to affect us all. Why, then, was this talk tucked away among the Hindemith sonatas, the sixteenth-century dramas and the poetry-readings, instead of being given pride of place on the Home Service?

Everything Mr. Morrow had to say was of interest. Much of it was provocative. Should we have to lower the standards of our manufacture in order to compete with the Continent? Could

we continue with our system of currency and measurement in the face of this tremendous market whose currency was decimal and whose measurements metric? These were questions to stir the minds of listeners after the evening ritual of the news. And yet, because of the atmosphere of coterie and high culture which have surrounded the Third Programme since its inception, I doubt whether many who listened to the National Eisteddfod of Wales or the World Scout Jamboree heard this talk.

The Third Programme we know is about to be pruned and recast. Whatever alterations are made, it should be remembered that all broadcasts, even the most learned and sophisticated, must win their audience. The Third Programme cannot pretend to be a specialist magazine. There is little reason why any but linguists, people in hospital or in lonely bed-sitting rooms, should listen to a series of programmes on Indo-European languages. For whom, last week, was Nicolai Rubinstein's fine and learned review of a Princeton book intended, with its university-type discussion of the Florentine humanist rhetoricians? Radio, like the theatre, is at heart a vulgar art-form. It must learn to attract. It must compete with other interests. It must reach out from its corner in the sitting-room and buttonhole the listener. This need not mean a lowering of standards. It means producing programmes of the highest intelligence on topics which are of contemporary interest affecting the widest potential audience.

This was precisely and annoyingly achieved in Thursday's 'Comment'. I say annoyingly since the subject of this week's discussion was not announced in *Radio Times* and only the casual knob-twiddler can have had the opportunity of hearing it. The subject was what is now widely known as *The Method*. The talk was stuttering, repetitive, slightly inconsequent at times, but it was highly intelligent and was a contemporary topic affecting a wide potential audience. The film 'End as a Man', made entirely with actors from the Actors' Studio in New York, is now showing in London; pictures of Ben Gazzara are scattered throughout every underground station in town; 'method' actors like Marlon Brando or the late James Dean are the sweethearts of the masses.

For most *The Method* means a special discipline of acting. It means the utter involvement of the actor in his role. But what else was Stanislavsky preaching at the Moscow Art Theatre at the turn of the century? What relation is there between method-actors and the type of character they so often portray, the withdrawn young man with tough, mocking eyes, a chip on his shoulder and a grudge against life? To what extent are film and television with their constant close-ups the fulfilment of Stanislavsky's 'system'? These questions were not answered, but they were raised. In raising them an intellectual focus was put on a subject of mass-entertainment. If properly advertised, with names like Brando or Dean in the heading, many people might have been attracted. This, as in the discussion 'Do we use our scientists properly?' on the following night, is the right direction for a Third Programme.

What is not is an esoteric programme like 'Words for Music Perhaps: Yeats on the speaking of poetry'. The question of how Yeats wanted his poetry to be read is entirely of specialist interest; and the division of the script between a narrator and an interlocutor, far from achieving the give-and-take of real conversation, added a further barrier of artificiality. Yet much might have been salvaged for a simpler production, instilling a larger audience with the aural importance of words and a poet's exactness of language. It was V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, by

recalling how Yeats wanted his poems to be read (lilting the rhythm of 'an aged man is but a paltry thing, a tattered coat upon a stick...' in *Sailing to Byzantium*), who brought the programme to life. That took us a little closer to Yeats. It was Yeats we wanted to hear and his poetry, not interlocutors.

For radio, as the Home Service learnt a long time ago, is a medium for personalities, not theories. When we meet someone as full of the salt and vigour of life as Lord Brabazon of Tara in 'Frankly Speaking', the memory, like a vivid half-hour in a railway-carriage, may well outlast the most erudite lecture.

HAROLD BEAVER

MUSIC

Vienna and Milan

ON ITS SHOWING at the Salzburg Festival, the Vienna Opera under its new director still gives little sign of regaining the high reputation it earned in the two decades between the Armistice of 1918 and the *Anschluss*. Of the performance of 'Le Nozze di Figaro' I can only say that it was a disgrace to Mozart's compatriots that such a noisy, unstylish production should have been offered to the public at a festival in the composer's native city.

Yet there was a galaxy of famous singers in the cast. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is a deservedly admired artist with a beautiful voice and the presence for the Countess Almaviva. Hers was, indeed, the best individual performance in the opera, but one still handicapped by a too-consciously artificial manner. One never felt that her phrases came naturally and spontaneously from the heart. Each note was formed and framed, oh! so carefully, that, sitting here in England, one could positively see her mouth and lips being brought into shape.

The Count is the villain of the opera, and I rather fancy that Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau was, after the all-responsible conductor, Karl Böhm, the villain of this performance. What possessed this fine and subtle interpreter of German song to present the most aristocratic of Mozart's characters as a Prussian officer in a bad temper? His example of shouting and ranting was followed by the rest in the finale of the second act to the utter destruction of the *finesse*, the wit and the irony of the richest repository of those qualities in the whole operatic repertory. After listening to 'Vedrò mentr'io sospiro', I could endure no more, and it takes a bad performance to make me miss two acts of 'Figaro'.

Strauss' 'Elektra', broadcast on Wednesday, was given a better performance, the orchestra under Dimitri Mitropoulos giving a splendid account of the marvellous score. And there was some excellent singing on the stage, especially from Jean Madeira (Klytemnestra) and Kurt Böhme (Orestes). Both these singers enunciated their words with absolute clarity so that one could hear every syllable, and thereby proved once more that only by good diction can a singer also achieve shapely musical phrasing. Neither Inge Borkh (Elektra) nor Lisa della Casa (Chrysothemis) really pronounced half her words with the result that their music often lacked firmness of line. Admittedly these two soprano parts with their high tessitura and long-drawn phrases of minims and semi-breves present difficulties that are not present in the more *parlando* music of Klytemnestra. But they are difficulties which can, most of them, be overcome.

Inge Borkh lacks the sheer power and weight of tone to make a great Elektra, but she did bring out, better than some more clarion-voiced singers have done, the notes of pathos and tenderness that relieve the manic ruthlessness of Agamemnon's daughter. She was at her best in

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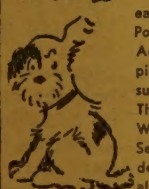
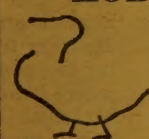
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the 'recognition-scene' where her words were notably more audible.

On Saturday there was a broadcast of 'Norma' from a gramophone recording made by the Scala Theatre company, headed by Mesdames Callas and Stignani under the direction of Tullio Serafin. Even allowing for the difference between a recording in which everything can be got into proper perspective, and a live performance where, as happened now and then in 'Elektra', a phrase gets more or less lost because the singer has turned away from the microphone, the Scala's performance displayed a sense of style

and a standard of vocal technique—both the sopranos being on the top of their form—that put the Viennese 'Figaro' even more in the shade. This performance bore out everything Francis Toye had to say about Bellini on the previous night. Indeed, he might have spoken up more strongly for the orchestral part of his music. Could anything be more apt or more beautifully scored than the introduction to the second act, whose upward phrase, almost Wagnerian in strength and dramatic suggestiveness, punctuates the subsequent recitative?

From the Promenade Concerts I heard a new

Pianoforte Concerto by Gordon Jacob, composed with his customary mastery of both form and material. The rather toccata-like first movement has, perhaps, insufficient thematic interest for so large and main a feature in the design. The second, a set of variations, is both ingenious and beautiful, particularly effective use being made of the slow introduction. Edith Vogel played the rewarding solo part brilliantly and the L.S.O. under Basil Cameron's direction supported her well, apart from an occasional lapse in tricky rhythm and some faulty brass chording in the last bar of the second variation.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Cimarosa and 'Il matrimonio segreto'

By WINTON DEAN

'Il matrimonio segreto' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.0 p.m. on Saturday, August 24

IL matrimonio segreto' has always been regarded—and rightly—as a masterpiece of *opera buffa*. Though by no means a musical landmark, it stands by a piquant series of coincidences upon one of the crossroads of history. After a successful career in Italy and two or three years in the service of Catherine the Great at St Petersburg, Cimarosa became court *Kapellmeister* in Vienna during the short reign of the Emperor Leopold II (1790-92). 'Il matrimonio segreto' was the only opera he produced during this period, but it had a sensational success. Its *première* so pleased the Emperor that he entertained the cast and orchestra to supper and then ordered them to repeat the entire opera, thus rounding off the age of formal classicism with the greatest *da capo* of all time. Well might he need to relax; for earlier that very day (February 7, 1792), impelled by the downfall of his sister Marie Antoinette, he had signed with the King of Prussia the treaty of alliance against revolutionary France which was to plunge Europe into a generation of war and destroy for ever the world of court patronage and aristocratic elegance—and incidentally land Cimarosa in prison for his political opinions. Moreover the monarch who so honoured the Italian had ignored a greater composer of *opera buffa*, and the supreme genius of his age, on his own doorstep: it was just two months since Mozart had died in poverty in the same city of Vienna.

Destiny took a swift and subtle revenge: three weeks after the fateful treaty and the symbolic *da capo* it abruptly removed Leopold from the world (thereby depriving Cimarosa of a job) and replaced him almost at the same moment, in a humble family and a foreign land, with the next lawful heir of *opera buffa*, Gioacchino Rossini.

Cimarosa's opera owes a great deal to its libretto, an admirable specimen of its kind. The play on which it is based is an equally good example of a very different kind, and—rarest of achievements in operatic history—Giovanni Bertati effected the transubstantiation with little disturbance to the plot and no sign of strain whatsoever. 'The Clandestine Marriage' by George Colman the elder and David Garrick, produced at Drury Lane in 1766, is a satirical comedy that draws its point from the English social scene. Standing in the line of descent from the theatre of Vanbrugh and Congreve to that of Goldsmith and Sheridan, it seems to have exerted a strong influence on the latter. The target of the satire, which often bites deep, is the snobbery of a *nouveau riche* family: the father who relies on money to buy him everything from a country estate to a titled son-in-law, his dominating and vulgar widowed sister (one of the originals of Mrs. Malaprop), and his

elder daughter, the coarseness of whose mind is rivalled only by the emptiness of her head. The younger, more sympathetic and secretly married daughter has two admirers from the genuine (but of course impecunious) aristocracy, a peer and a baronet—the former a farcical compound of vanity, shrewdness and hypochondria. There are also three comic lawyers, who add to the hilarity of the final scene on the bedroom landing.

Bertati transplanted the story to Italy, reduced the number of characters to six, and turned them into the stock figures of *opera buffa*—two contrasted pairs of lovers, miserly father, and amorously 'flustered' aunt (the word is one of Colman's malapropisms). He dropped the lawyers—though there could have been a place for them in the world of Don Curzio—and combined the aristocratic admirers in the single figure of Lord Robinson, whom by a very happy stroke he depicted as the typical English milord of continental tradition. This of course makes the libretto more Italian than ever. But what most distinguishes it from the play, as in the contemporary librettos based on Beaumarchais' Figaro cycle but to a still greater degree, is the virtual elimination of the satire. This was inevitable with so English an original, and is no matter for regret; we are left with an excellently constructed and very amusing plot. The skill with which Bertati has given a Mediterranean flavour to a native English dish suggests momentary comparison with Boito.

Cimarosa's music strikes the modern listener as Mozartian—a second 'Cosi fan tutte' without the emotional light and shade, the understanding of character, the richness of orchestral detail. Although Cimarosa is said to have venerated Mozart, the resemblance is fortuitous. What we recognise is the idiom of the second Neapolitan school which Cimarosa, Salieri, Paisiello and others made popular throughout Europe, and of which Mozart's Italian comic operas are historically an offshoot. Mozart originated nothing in the form; he simply transfigured what he found with a passionate humanity. Cimarosa's opera, a delightful flowering of comic art without this quality of genius, is for that reason more representative of the tradition that descends from Pergolesi to Rossini and Donizetti. Mozart's reputation in Italy confirms this. The Italians—at least until recent years—have been notoriously cool towards him. Even Rossini was in his day accused of writing in the German style.

But if Cimarosa lacks the penetration and pathos of Mozart and the animal gusto of Rossini, he manages the same old devices—the pattering duets and trios, the cumulative finales, the occasional pathetic air—with a very deft

touch. The music sparkles with wit, melody and rhythmic vitality. Above all, it is excellent theatre: it carries the action forward at a brisk and genial pace, like a smooth-running coach drawn by a pair of well-trained horses. Just when a situation or an idea threatens to outstay its welcome, the story takes a new twist and Cimarosa matches it with the exact musical equivalent. His modulations, changes of rhythm and patches of orchestral colour, though never recondite or bold, are unfailingly apt for the dramatic points they have to underline: witness Robinson's attempt to drive off Elisetta in Act II by cataloguing his vices, or the scoring of the duet (a little earlier) in which the lovers plan their elopement.

The opera is in every sense a triumph of style, for it capitalises its weaknesses. Cimarosa had nothing of Mozart's power of differential characterisation, whether in solos or ensembles. Again and again the characters repeat each other's music regardless of the opposed sentiments they are expressing. They are little more than puppets; and it is just as well. The one weak spot of the libretto is Lord Robinson's final abandonment of the more attractive daughter for the tartar, merely in order to tidy up the plot. This does not happen in the play, where it would have been unthinkable; and even in Italian opera there are limits to the eccentricity permissible in an English peer. If it had occurred in a Mozart opera—other than 'Cosi fan tutte', where the artificiality is miraculously preserved throughout—we might have been brought up with the sort of jolt that disturbs us occasionally in 'Don Giovanni'. But with Cimarosa it does not matter, for the characters have never really engaged our sympathies. By not venturing into deep water he runs no risk of drowning.

His consistent levity may not appeal to all tastes, and some have found the opera thin and frivolous. It is true that each musical idea, like white of egg in a meringue, is made to go a very long way. But much depends on the cooking and the service. 'Il matrimonio segreto' is an opera in which quality of performance counts for even more than usual. A light touch and a good ensemble are essential. It is no use complaining that if the froth is blown away there is not much substance left in the pudding. No sensible person approaches a meringue with the appetite for a beefsteak.

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

DRYING AND PRESERVING HERBS

A LISTENER SAYS: 'Every year I try to dry a few herbs for winter use. But they soon lose their colour and sometimes taste musty. Can you tell me how to dry them to keep the greenness and flavour?'

The first point to remember is that herbs must be picked on a dry day. The stems should be young, but well grown—just before they come to flower, in fact. Rinse the plants in cold water, shake them well, and tie them up in small bunches to dry. Large bunches go mouldy in the centre. When the stems are dry and crisp remove the leaves and rub them through a fine sieve. Store the material in airtight jars in a dark place.

Parsley is best dried quickly in a fairly hot oven to keep its bright green colour. Rub it down as soon as crisp. Do not put off this job; if it is left lying about parsley reabsorbs water and goes leathery. In fact no herbs, when once dried, should be left exposed. Put them as soon as possible into airtight jars and store them in a dry place. It is reabsorbed moisture which gives the musty flavour and too much light which spoils the colour.

Mint for mint sauce can also be preserved in golden syrup. Gather it fresh and chop the leaves in the usual way. Now place 1 lb. of syrup in a 2 lb. jar and stir in the chopped mint. You need not do it all at once. Add a little at a time until the jar is full, and as long as the mint is coated with syrup it will keep. When the jar is full tie down securely and store it in a

dark place. When you want mint sauce, simply take out a spoonful or so of the mixture and add the vinegar.

Another listener asks how to make parsley jelly which, she says, is so useful with cold meats. I agree, and I like it with salads and young vegetables as well. To make the jelly simmer freshly picked leaves for nearly an hour in sufficient water to cover them. Now strain them and reboil the liquor with sugar, allowing 1 lb. to each pint of liquid. Test for setting and tie down and store away from light. The jelly should be a rich green colour.

'I have an angelica plant which came from Italy', writes another listener. 'Is this an unusual plant to grow in this country? I wondered also if I could crystallise the stalks?' Angelica is not unusual; it is cultivated and also grows wild in this country. It is sometimes known as 'Jack-jump-about', and is used for flavouring jams and rhubarb. The leaves, too, are occasionally boiled with fish to give it flavour. For crystallising purposes only cultivated plants should be used. You must be careful not to allow these to come to flower. The stems should be young and still maturing. For the actual crystallising, any good cookery book will give you a recipe to follow. The crystallised angelica should always be stored in a cool, dark place.

FRANCES PERRY

HOME-MADE YOGHOURT

If you like yoghurt, it makes a good, fresh dessert which substitutes for fruit or can make a

little fruit go a long way. I had always known, as I expect you do, that once you had bought a bottle you should be able to make your own. I had tried without success, but this method works. Keep a tablespoon of yoghurt from the bottle you have bought and put it in a bowl. Then boil a pint of milk, pour it into a suitable container and let it cool to blood heat. Mix a spoonful of the milk with the yoghurt and pour the resulting cream into your boiled milk.

Your only problem now is to keep the mixture warm. What I do is to cover the bowl with a saucer, wrap it in an old woollen jersey, and then an old towel, and put the whole parcel into the airing cupboard. I do this after breakfast, and by the next morning, before breakfast, I have a pint of yoghurt, which is much cheaper and has, I think, more body to it than the bought variety.

JOAN YORKE

Notes on Contributors

T. L. HODGKIN (page 223): Secretary to the Oxford University Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies and Fellow of Balliol, 1945-52; author of *Nationalism in Colonial Africa*

A. P. RYAN, C.B.E. (page 225): Assistant Editor of *The Times*; author of *Mutiny at the Curragh*, *Lord Northcliffe*, etc.

GEORGE C. ALLEN, C.B.E. (page 235): cultural adviser to the United Kingdom High Commissioner in Germany 1951-54

Crossword No. 1,420.

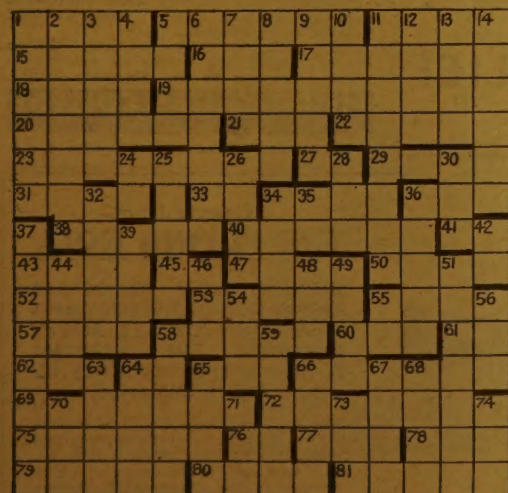
Game Reserve.

By Topher

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CLUES—ACROSS

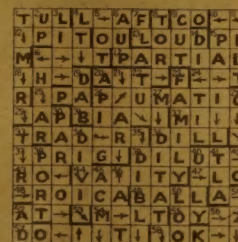
1. Domestic contriver has a party in Washington (4). 5. Modify a dainty squabble (6). 11. A whole half-pint to win back before the bitter end (4). 15. Stop, stop! A Scotch name is uncivilised (5). 16R. With three missing, the mice are all scattered in the garden (3). 17. Endless plash (4). 18. Settles in America (4). 19. Puts down a yorke in a short interval (10). 20. Muses perhaps (6). 21R. Cake-stand found in church (3). 22R. Controls ranges in price (5). 23. By no means the constellation for authorised witnesses (8). 27. Hunting stick? (2). 29. Corruption with a canon (4). 31. Sift disordered ram (4). 33R. High straight heel (2). 34R. '... and watch Till the white-wing'd — come' (4). 36R. The card is put on the map here (3). 38R. Very irregular measures (5). 40. He often takes counter measures. Does he also undo the dockers' work? (6). 41. Presumably these Asiatics never call 'Tails' (2). 43R. Its beauty is consumed—all six gallons (4). 45R. See 65A. 47. Hobbie when you want an ellipse (4). 50. A primitive prefix in code is a mouthful (4). 52. Beginning just after a tartan square (5). 53. Back in the original United States the roots of this genus had medicinal properties (5). 55. Small dark active flier (4). 57R. Turned white losing blunt bargain (4). 58R. A repair is correct (5). 60. Prim pulpitis is less secure (3). 61. Old crocks, for example (2). 62. A knife causes big blocks in pedestals (4). 64R. 'The bane of England and the opprobrium of Europe' (2). 65 & 45R. Bird only half on top (5). 66. Scarcely any boxes came without pipeclay (6). 69R. Hop the twig (7). 72. A particular ghost perhaps (7). 75. Popular roll (6). 76. Allowance for short commons (2). 77. Tube and tree are the subject here (3). 78. Room for stowing the most unlikely cycle (3). 79. A boat—almost all there is to be seen in drizzle (5). 80R. Broadcasts to start in the year (4). 81. A man of property attaches value to this (5).

DOWN

1. Rejoicing over the misfortunes of another man may be a sign of victory—and also smelly (6). 2R. No. 3 introduces what is oiled if returned (7). 3. Agitated (5). 4. Times change: now one has to scrape (4). 5. Double tripod and a reverse in a foreign seaport (4). 6. Interval between flights (7). 7. To measure the strength of the solution tap a fixed quantity once (4). 8R. Record stone (5). 9 & 66R. They are quite prodigious (5, 4). 10. Betrothes once (4). 11. Continuity link (8). 12R. Repug-

nant without a spleen (4). 13. 'Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that; that were —' (4). 14R. Rush the bird in a four-wheeled cab (6). 24R. Not quite the mark of a monk which any woman has in her make-up (2). 25. Purge (5). 26. Obsolete till in that case of clay (4). 28R. Warp or half discarded shield (3). 30R. Let tunnel settle (3). 32. A fishy tale (5). 34R. Takes in an idiot going round returning birds (4). 35R. Dad has had a spill—yes, a spill (2). 36. The result of what goes on here is usually of interest to 37 (5). 37. See 36 (8). 39. Look—put down a comfortable mattress (4). 42. The guns are about to damage spruces (2). 44R. An old gaoler of proverbial industry cannot be swayed (4). 46. Decline in the heavens (3). 48R. Cloth inspection (3). 49. Equine oral swelling (4). 51. Grab a child holding every knave (7). 54. Pharaoh of this day and age? (3). 55R. Low-down name in reverse is original (2). 56. In the shape of Arion's charm (3). 58. Gambler from drink (5). 59. He doesn't even sound as though lessons would appeal to him (5). 63. Frame the Englishman who hasn't got his sticks back (4). 64. Comb at home hit the end of the coat (4). 65. Gets up with trouble (4). 66R. See 9. 67R. Genus of trees named after Louis XIV's Librarian (4). 68R. Restorative drink to help you walk? (4). 70. Par from right to left (3). 71. Cast off—a double crop? (3). 73R. Pains you have till a game (unending). (3). 74. Half a monkey in the sand (3).

Solution of No. 1,418



NOTES

The words missing were earth, air, fire, and water. Across: 4. 'Macbeth'. 10. Wordsworth: 'Invocation to the Earth'. 16. 'Of a' the airts 44. Sub-title of V. F. Down: 5. Waterton. 22. Clue was (Air). 27. Anag. 38. 3 meanings. 41. Altair, of THE LISTENER. 51. Firenze. 56. Cawdor is in Nairn.

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